

# THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY









# THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY

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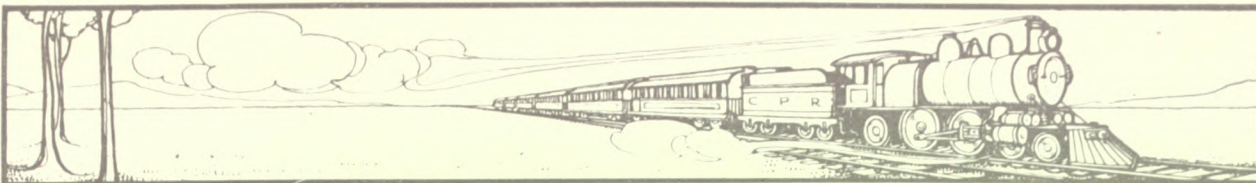












# THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY

BY  
A. N. HOMER, F.R.G.S.



PRODUCED BY  
SIR JOSEPH CAUSTON & SONS LIMITED  
LONDON











After a perusal of the admirable "Imperial Highway," I cannot resist the reflection that Winnipeg, which a generation ago practically had no existence, claims to-day a population of some 150,000, and that the C.P.R. has in this City, yards containing 130 miles of "sidings," probably the largest thing of its kind in the world. I mention this as typical of the wonderful development of Canada.

(Signed)

*W. A. Theona*

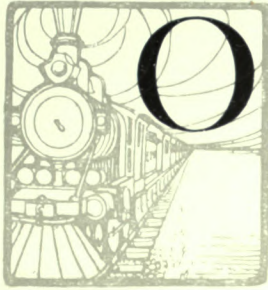








# THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY



ON a certain autumn afternoon, a mist hung over the busy port of Liverpool, and there was not enough wind to give the lighters and fishing boats steerage way. The full swell of the tide left the surface of the river smooth as oil, and across this the ferries to Birkenhead, New Brighton and other adjacent places darted, whistling and puffing fussily.

On one of the floating stages on the Liverpool side there was a tremendous bustle. The people swarmed like ants. A liner had come alongside to embark her saloon passengers, and her bows bore the words in white letters, "Empress of Ireland," whilst the six-chequered red and white flag of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company fluttered lazily from her masthead.

Now it so happened that she was timed to sail at five, and at four-thirty I was still in the Adelphi Hotel, grappling with all the little details, the things to do, that crowd upon a man who is about to leave home. However, at last the bill was paid, the waiters tipped (iniquitous practice! they should have fixed salaries), the luggage stowed on a four-wheeler, and away I went. Of course the cabby could not be induced to drive fast enough—how should he when pure nervousness made me fancy that I might have made a mistake, and that the "Empress of Ireland" might have sailed at four-thirty instead of at five as timed. Such imaginary doubts evaporated in a big sigh of relief when I found the great ship towering on my left, and between me and her crowded decks a perfect army of active, laughing and perspiring porters, ready and willing to aid me in my effort to get on board. The luggage was promptly stacked on a barrow and rattled away down the chute, or passage, as I thought, nearly taking charge of the men and landing my traps in the river. The unexpected invariably happens, however, and they were soon stowed within the four walls of a cosy state-room, and I had a free hand to look about me. What came quickly next were the well-remembered shouts of "All for the shore! Any more for the shore?" The gangway was thronged with a slowly moving mass of relatives and friends, officials, the curious, and, last but not least, squads of those who loaf. The "Ireland's" deep-throated whistle roared its warning notes, one of the crowd ashore started "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" then "For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow," and amidst a flutter of handkerchiefs, hiding many a kindly smile and tear-stained face, the great ship slid from the



quayside, faster and ever faster, figures and familiar buildings blending into blue-grey mist the past behind; ahead, three thousand miles of wondrous sea.

How I was there, and why I was there, makes it necessary for me to hark back to a brief conversation I had with one of the leading officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company whom I had the good fortune to meet and to know socially. We were lunching together at the Carlton Hotel, and the conversation, not unnaturally, since I was responsible for it, turned upon the far-reaching influence, wealth and vast possibilities of the great Corporation to which my friend belonged.

"Well," he finally remarked, "if you are so much interested in travel, and can spare the time, go and see for

LIBRARY



yourself what ships, what trains and what vast territories we possess: territories which are only waiting to be colonised. If the seething, jostling population of London really grasped the fact that millions of acres of the richest land on earth can be easily and cheaply reached by them, there would not be the overcrowding, the squalor and misery, the bitter struggle for a bare existence that there is here to-day."

My answer was that I would go, see for myself, and whatever information I collected, or ideas I formed, should be at my friend's disposal to do with as he pleased. That lunch and that chat at the Carlton Hotel was why the state-room on the "Empress of Ireland" held my baggage, and why I smoked a cigar and paced her deck after a first-rate dinner, considering that neither the passengers, crew, nor stewards had had time to shake themselves into place.

To those who don't "go down to the sea in ships" every day, or who may never have been for a voyage before, it may be as well to say—"Let the ship get clear



CAFÉ,  
LOOKING  
INTO  
DINING  
SALOON



away, and let the stewards have a fair chance of dealing with the thousand-and-one things they have to attend to, before tackling them about your place at table, the time to call you, and—most important item, if you would be comfortable throughout the voyage—the right moment for your bath. The chief steward will find you a seat at table, your bedroom steward will see that you get your call, hot coffee and wants generally, and the bathroom steward will have your tub ready for you when you wish, as a rule, unless there is a very big crowd on board."

Having taken a few turns along the deck, enjoying the cool air and my own thoughts, which interested me more than the people whom I passed at that moment, I leant against the rail and watched the sea. It was smooth as oil, with a long, almost imperceptible swell, and outside the lines of foam and ripple caused by the ship's way a few stars were clearly mirrored.

Generally speaking, the passengers seemed to be averse to talking that night. Someone was playing the magnificent Steinway piano in the drawing-room, and a game of bridge was going on in the café, while a few people tenanted the smoke-room and library; but the decks were almost deserted, and the lighted state-rooms betrayed a desire to unpack, get straight and turn in.

The early morning hours upon land or sea are surely the most restful and health-giving, and though, if ordered by a doctor to take a walk upon an empty stomach, one might be wit and ask, "Whose?"—of to-day there is plenty to be had, and a tendency rather than to too little. "Think of the ship?" said I sipped my coffee in the purple and amber swell as the sun gained a splendid vessel." "Ah, her in a seaway. She's as



inclined to copy a certain on the ocean-going liners of good tea or coffee to to too much food rather

"What do you a voice at my elbow, as the morning and watched shadows on the long power. "I think she's but you haven't seen steady as a rock. You



SMOKING-ROOM

THE LAST LETTER  
FOR THE PILOT



MUSIC-ROOM



could stand a whisky-and-soda on the rail there, and not lose a drop. That's what you want—comfort, not vibration."

"Have you ever travelled in her before?" I enquired.

"Yes; came from Quebec in her on her first voyage. She's twenty-two thousand odd tons displacement. The Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, of Glasgow, built her. She has twin screws, quadruple expansion eighteen thousand horse-power engines, and can steam over nineteen knots.

"Really," I said, rather vaguely, but looking at the man more closely.

"Yes, I'm interested in transportation. The better your transportation facilities, the more time you can save and the more money you can make. Then I'm dead keen on figures. What can't you do with figures? Reduce everything to a nicety, eh?"

The man had said enough to arouse interest, and was evidently worthy of attention. He had slipped on a heavy dressing-gown over his flannel sleeping-suit, tied it tightly round his waist, thrust his bare feet into slippers and wore no cap. He was very bald. His forehead was prominent, almost aggressive, in apparent capacity and power, while his short, thick-set frame indicated a vigorous physique.

"You get the captain to take you over the ship," he continued. "He took me, and I tell you, she's a wonder. Of course, you can get a bigger vessel, but you can't get a better one. There isn't such a thing."

"I certainly will," I said; and after a pause, during which we both finished our coffee, I added, "What part of the world do you happen to come from?"

Two fiery little grey eyes flashed, as though prepared to resent the faintest indication of impertinence. Then, confident that none was meant, he replied, "Scotland. Born in Canada. Been there all my life, when not taking a voyage home. Result—interested in everything. Wheat, Cattle, Lumber, Fruit, and Cheese too. Yes, sir—Canada's a fine country; only been scratched yet, and it's new. Don't you forget that: it's new."

There was no disputing that fact, and he was so overwhelmingly vigorous that I took refuge in silence. After a long pause he added, "Well, you get the captain to take you over the ship."

Without waiting for a further word, the tails of his dressing-gown disappeared through the door that led to the main staircase—or, as one would have said in the old days—companion, and he had gone. So much information first thing in the morning induced reflection, and since it was time to dress I dived down into my state-room.

The cleanest and most workmanlike bath-room on land could not have excelled in those qualities the one in which I had my tub, and it was borne in upon me that the same care and common-sense had been responsible for every detail in my berth, from the polished mahogany locker over the washing-stand, to the careful electric lighting that enabled me to complete the tiresome operation of shaving without cutting myself. What then should be said of a music-room panelled with satin and tulip wood, upholstered in old rose taffeta, with an open fire-place just as in one's own home? Of an Italian café below it, with panels, doors, and chairs in dull walnut, and beneath that



again, and with a view into it, of a white and gold walled saloon, capable of seating 200 persons, with cosy alcoves to accommodate a small party, furnished throughout in polished Spanish mahogany and crimson morocco leather; of a library restful in its perfect colouring, and of a smoke-room in dull oak and bronze? Surely more luxury would only be bad for people rather than good, even if it could be compassed, and might hasten what is feared by some, that the decadence of the British as a race has commenced, and that, as with the Romans of old, exaggerated luxury will produce effeteness, and effeteness sound the death-knell of the Empire.

The lively notes of a bugle announced breakfast, at which the captain made his appearance for the first time since leaving port, and a very merry gathering surrounded him. Almost every seat was occupied, and the tables were charmingly decorated with flowers and fruit. There were several pretty girls, who must therefore be spoken of first; a fair sprinkling of pleasing, intelligent and comfortable looking mothers; and, judging from the faces and those visible signs which are difficult to mistake, the various professions were well represented. Conversation flowed freely, and it was evident that, as is so usual at sea, the rigid etiquette of the land had been relaxed and people were prepared to learn the best and worst of each other, to use their own judgment freely, and, perhaps, to make lifelong friendships in consequence.

Soon after four bells (ten o'clock), the captain, attended by the doctor and one of the other officers, started upon his round of inspection.

On deck there was a change as the day wore on. A fresh breeze had sprung up from the eastward, and the "Empress of Ireland" bowled along before following foam-crested seas of a deep Prussian blue. Perhaps her bilge keels—said to be the largest on any mail steamer—prevented her from rolling, but she certainly maintained the reputation she had so well earned in the opinion of my friend of the bald head and the dressing-gown, and was as "steady as a rock."

The stewards had placed chairs and rugs along the covered-in promenade decks, cosy nooks had been selected, and the library, free to everyone, had been appealed to.

Someone suggested that a pale blue outline on the star-board beam was land.

"Aye, that be Cape Flyaway, that be, sir," said an old deck hand, with a strong Devonshire accent.

"Ah! let me see, where's that?" asked the passenger.



LEISURE HOURS AT SEA  
UPPER PROMENADE DECK





"That be imagination, sir," answered the fellow with a knowing grin. At which there was a general laugh.

It was rumoured that the clerk in charge of the Marconi system had reported that he was in touch with four ships, amongst them being a White Star boat and an Allan liner, and that someone had cabled to Liverpool, which it was said would be reached within a few minutes, including the delivery of the cable, if dealt with smartly upon arrival.

Wonderful—and again—wonderful! Such marvellous discoveries induce the thought that, with those in perfect accord, communication may be possible over vast distances, some day.

In sunshine, broken by very few clouds, with the dark blue waves surging beneath, the reading and chatting, the pacing to and fro, the laughter and the games went on on deck. One of the pretty girls played diabolo with great skill, thereby displaying her figure to immense advantage. Then there was deck golf, deck cricket, and no less than three sets of people played quoits with evident interest and much perseverance.

The hours sped fast. Not a moment hung heavily, and though, so far as could be judged, nothing substantial was accomplished, everyone was amused, and the average appetite appeared to be prodigious.

The crowds of emigrants assembled for'ard, on the main deck and foc's'le head, provoked the keenest interest, amusing and making one laugh at one moment, and inducing pensive reflections, and even melancholy ones, the next. Certainly almost every northern nationality was represented, and the styles of dress, both in hue and design, were equally varied. You would see a huge Russian Finn, with long hair, bearded and moustached, an imitation Astrakan cap on his head, his body



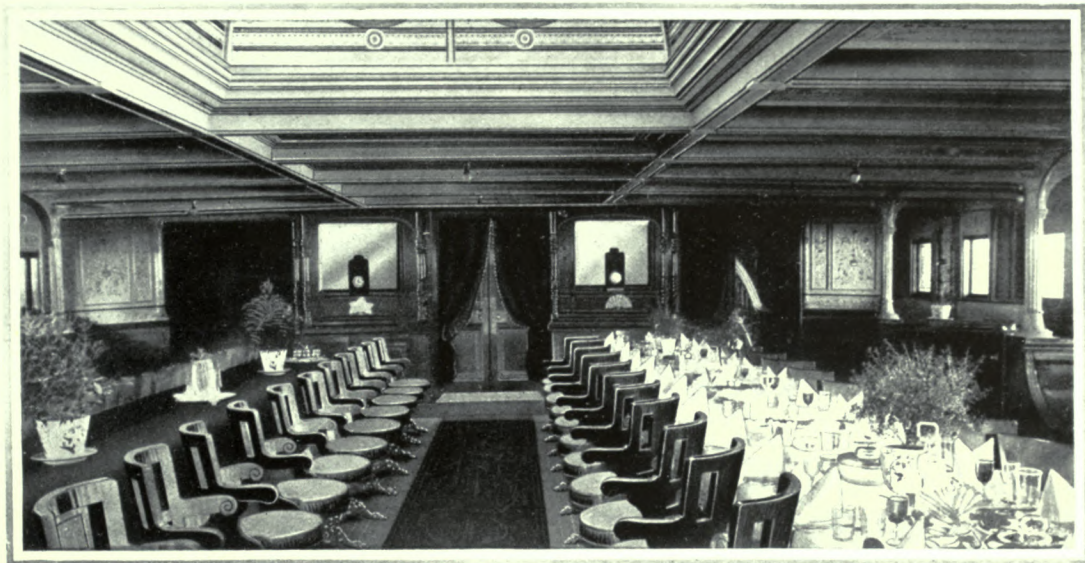
A GAME OF QUOITS



encased in a blue jersey and his trousers thrust into sea boots, solemnly playing an accordion about which he knew so little that only a few harsh chords were produced; yet the monotony of sound hugely delighted a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed son of Sweden, who with his arm round a buxom Norwegian girl danced and capered in fine style, while a red-haired Irishman made frantic efforts to dance a hornpipe to the same dismal dirge.

Some of the women, with bright shawls over their heads, were quietly seated on the fore hatch taking the air, surrounded apparently by innumerable children. All seemed hopeful, some hilarious. A strong hardy crowd, perfectly well ordered and inoffensive. How few of them could form anything like a just appreciation of what lay ahead of them—of the sickness or health, the happiness or pain! But then the same may be said of all things human, proving without question the truth of another of the old saws. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise."

SECOND  
DINING  
SALOON



However, "high jinks" went on with the aid of the accordion before alluded to, joined by a couple of tin whistles, a concertina, and some empty tins that had once contained good Danish butter. Considering such weird attempts at harmony, which were of frequent occurrence, no one was prepared for the effect produced one night when speed had been reduced owing to a fog, that it was said prevented the picking up of the Belle Isle light, but that certainly aided the vocal effect as there was practically no wind. A concert had been held in the first-class saloon, and in one or two cases more than creditable talent had been displayed. Whether that fact had aroused a spirit of rivalry in the heart of more than one of the emigrants, must remain a mystery, but certain it was that the intense stillness was broken by a young clear voice singing, "Shall we gather at the river?" and an instant after the fresh sweet sound was drowned



in a deep-throated roar that rang through the ship and pealed away over the water as hundreds of strong men joined in the pathetic air.

Then followed another tune dear to sailors and those who have wandered much.

"Pull for the shore, sailors, pull for the shore"; and then came again the impressive silence, broken only by the huge steamer's shrill whistle of warning.

Throughout that fog, which lasted some few hours, it was curious to think that away to starboard, through the murky gloom, lay the rugged Coast of Labrador; to port, the rocky shores of Newfoundland; and ahead, the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence river, so named by Jacques Cartier, when he turned the prow of his little bark into the great stream, and christened it after the saint of that name upon whose birthday he entered its waters.

The next morning the land was made, and by the



MUSIC ROOM



THIRD DINING SALOON

time one had dressed, the scene from the deck had become one of extreme beauty. Sea and sky were of a vivid blue, the smoke of a distant steamer curled lazily astern, each wave broke in snowy foam, and in the ship's broad wake a cloud of white-winged gulls croaked and screamed and soared, tireless in their efforts to swoop upon all that was cast into the waters.

The land itself seemed bright and fresh as though it were indeed new. Bold headlands and peaceful bays, wherein nestled what through the glasses seemed ideal homes, were succeeded by forest upon forest of pines. Hill upon hill clothed with spruce and larch, slope upon slope green as of velvet, and as though a magic brush, guided by a master hand, had painted it, and from a palette upon which was every colour, bold patches appeared, and delicate touches of crimson, scarlet, bronze and gold.



Throughout the whole passage it seemed rather curious that few ships had been sighted, practically no fish seen, and that the bird life, with the exception of the gulls and petrels, had been restricted to the presence of a hawk and a linnet, both of which had come on board. Then, too, it seemed curious that the man with the striking forehead had kept very much to himself during the voyage. Had the question as to his nationality offended him? Whenever a meeting occurred, either he was talking or flirting with someone, or I was. By the way, those flirtations must have been delightful, because they absorbed so much time, and the time passed so quickly.

Throughout the whole voyage, great had been the comfort of knowing that in the construction of the ship no new invention, the worth of which had been proved, had been omitted; that the comfort of the passengers, as well as their safety, had been so studied that the children in the third class were actually provided with a playground; that she possessed a searchlight, eighteen watertight compartments, and that the sensitiveness of the submarine telephone enabled the officers upon the bridge to know when a ship was at hand.

In this fair-weather journey to Rimouski and Quebec, it must not be forgotten that during the winter neither of those ports is used, but that Halifax and St. John are entered instead, that both are places of over 55,000 inhabitants and are possessed of first-class harbours.

Late in the afternoon, communication with the land was actually established, Rimouski was reached, and a powerful-looking tug came alongside to bring the Custom House officers, and take away the mails—a proceeding that occasioned on the one hand the transfer of innumerable important-looking brown sealed bags from steamer to tug, and thence to the train *en route* for Montreal and the Pacific Coast, and on the other to a hauling up on deck of all the baggage, the handing over of keys, and there, before one's eyes, the rummaging among one's dear effects, the recollection of which need not be dwelt upon, but dismissed and forgotten as a painful but no doubt necessary evil.

Soon after leaving Rimouski the light began to wane, the remainder of the passage being made in darkness, Quebec appearing ahead only as the new day dawned. The real misfortune was the delay in the fog off Belle Isle: but for that we should have been hours earlier. However, one had heard enough



R.M. STEAMSHIP "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"  
ATLANTIC SERVICE



and read enough to know that had they been discernible, the banks of the great river would have maintained their reputation for beauty, and even grandeur.

So many eminent men have written of Quebec and its history, both civil and military, and have made so searching and careful a study of the lives of those who discovered and developed it, that it is not difficult to imagine Jacques Cartier casting anchor off the Isle of Orleans, or Isle of Bacchus, as he is said to have first styled it, or to form a fair opinion of what manner of men Champlain and Frontenac were. But whatever may have been read or thought about the old Capital of Canada, it is not too much to say that whoever may see it, whether ignorant of or versed in its history, will experience no sensation of disappointment. If you look at it from the deck of a ship, with the Charles River on your right, the on-coming waters of the St. Lawrence, Point Levis, and the Isle of Orleans on your left, you will be impressed, and your attention will be arrested and held by the natural beauty, strength, and frowning importance of that wedge-shaped rock for which Wolfe and Montcalm contended to the death, well knowing that they were fighting for the Key to Canada.

Quaint old houses and new business structures, banks and insurance offices, stand upon the land upon which Jacques Cartier pitched his modest encampment, some say welcomed, but at all events resolute, and able to hold his own against the painted savages who inhabited the rock that towered above him.

Champlain, too, built his "habitation" beneath the shadow of that rock, and doubtless dreamed many splendid dreams, in which he, as his country's champion, would thus be able to conquer and hold a princely Empire.

There is one thing not easy to do when in Quebec, and that is to restrain the imagination. Men of royal blood, dignitaries of the Church, statesmen, distinguished soldiers and sea captains, have ordered, preached and influenced, banqueted, plotted, and fought, and have left behind them a subtle atmosphere, an everlasting legacy, which great deeds and time can alone create.

For those passengers whose destination was the distant Pacific Coast *via* Montreal and Winnipeg, or perhaps the still more distant shores of Japan, every care and comfort had been provided. They simply walked, unhurried, down the gangway, and within a few strides were on board the great train that would hour by hour and day by day, with ponderous strength, safety and luxury, transport them to the deck of one of the White Empress Steamers, the dark blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, and the Land of the Rising Sun.

My turn for that had not come. Unless some special necessity exists, a vandal alone would pass onwards in ignorance of the old Capital of Canada and its quaint charms.

With luggage stowed on a roomy four-wheeler, a short drive on the flat, a steep street or two negotiated, and you reach the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Hotel, the Château Frontenac. By a curious coincidence, and yet not an uncommon one, the first soul to be encountered was the Scotsman with the ample brow, love of figures and encyclopædic memory.



Between Rimouski and Quebec we had talked "Wheat" together, touched upon the huge possibilities that await a widening and deepening of the Canal System between the Great Lakes and Montreal, and finally we had actually exchanged cards. This was to be supplemented and cemented with a cocktail, and a cocktail with a cherry in it. At the end of the second one, what might have been expected, happened. A volley of remarks, questions and information was let fly.

"What I like about you, and what I consider hopeful about you, is that you want to learn, and don't mind being taught."

QUEBEC  
FROM  
POINT  
LEVIS



A bow and a smile followed this remark.

"Well, that's not like your people."

"But I'm English."

"Yes, I know."

"Then your people are my people."

"No; I'm Scotch."

"But we've intermarried so completely."

"Aye"—and he was really Scotch for the first time—"but a Scotsman's a Scotsman for a' that. Lots of your people," he went on, "won't work—least, they won't work unless they're broke. Now I ask you what in thunder's the good of a man comin' out to a new land that's got to be ploughed, so to say, if he won't take his coat



off? Work's all that's wanted for a man to make a living here—work, an' very little drink. You can't drink so much out here. If you do, you'll get drunk, sure as you're born. The air's different."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir. Do you know what special piece of ground you're standing upon? Well," with a comprehensive gesture, "this is the site of the old Château St. Louis. Outside there is the Dufferin Terrace, and if you cross that, a hundred and eighty feet fall, upon rocks and so forth, will land you in the St. Lawrence. The Château St. Louis was built by Champlain, and was not only the old fortress of Quebec but was the seat of the Canadian Government for over two hundred years; and this building, the Château Frontenac, is considered a good copy of the style of architecture employed in building the châteaux of the nobility of that day. Arches, turrets and towers are all in keeping, and in the seven sides of the building enclosing the square there are, they tell me, as many as one thousand bedrooms. Here you'll find mosaic stone flooring, exquisite wood carving, and artistic mediæval decorations. No man could wish to be more comfortably housed, very moderately if he likes, and there's a first-rate chef and a good cellar. Then if you want to be interested and charmed, you should make a careful inspection of this quaint old town. From the Dufferin Terrace, which is some five hundred yards long, you'll get the finest views of their kind in Canada. You should see the Citadel, the Plains of Abraham, the Wolfe Monument, the Champlain Monument, the Governor's Garden and the Grand Battery, the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, the Basilica, and a few other odds and ends, all equally ancient and supremely interesting."

A fresh invitation to have another cocktail was politely but firmly declined, perhaps on the ground of the change of air and the suggested possibility of disastrous results. How good it must be to be thoroughly acclimatized!

However, Mr. James McPherson—that was the name upon the card—elected to disappear at that juncture, and a visit to two or three of the interesting memorials of the past, suggested by him, coupled with a healthy appeal to the cuisine and cellar, completed that day's work.

The sunrise in the morning was a never-to-be-forgotten sight; and was seen owing to a restlessness and a desire to be awake, and lose nothing, in such a place, with such limited time to dispose of.

Upon drawing the blind, and looking down upon the whirling eddies and slowly moving flood of the St. Lawrence as it sped seawards, one could see that the exact colour of the sky was reflected in its depths, the whole span of heaven being of the darkest sapphire blue. Suddenly over Point Levis a faint rose pink flushed the sapphire, rolling it back wave upon wave, and deepening rapidly from the point of appearance, until the faint rose pink became rose madder shot with orange, then orange red, then red, and finally an almost alarming blood red. Across the river, over by the Montmorency Falls, where General Wolfe made his first gallant effort to turn Montcalm's flank, and was repulsed with heavy loss, the



land, slopes, and spurs of the distant Laurentian Hills, were purple, fading upwards into blues, golds, faint shades of aqua marine, and as the eye sought the zenith, changing into the deep everlasting blue of infinite space.

Upon the river, ferries illuminated with what from that height seemed lighted pin-pricks, began to stir, like moving blobs of ink, with smudges for smoke.

The deep bellow of a distant liner's whistle was followed by shriller notes of warning from smaller river craft. Church bells pealed through the stillness, vibrating, echoing and dying away; figures appeared upon the quays and in the streets. One could hear the rattle of a cart on the stones, the tinkling of an electric tramcar bell. Green venetian shutters were opened. Quebec had awakened to a new day.



BASILICA  
QUEBEC



CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC  
QUEBEC

And with this wonderful panorama of beauty, power and vast possibilities before one, it was not unnatural that the mind should hark back in an endeavour to try to reconstruct the past; to see again the vast wastes of plain and forest land, the



spaces peopled by the restless uncultured Indian; should tear down, mentally, the churches, fortifications, houses and hostelrys, and set in their stead the waving forests of birch and pine, of hemlock spruce and sumach, where the deer, the moose and the bear wandered in vast numbers.

It was not unnatural to think again of Jacques Cartier, the gallant discoverer of 1535; of Samuel de Champlain, who, after many a struggle, treachery even amongst his own men, and bitter privations, laid the foundation of the town, where was formerly the Indian village of Stadicona; of Count de la Galisonière; of the princely Frontenac and his richly-dressed officers; and finally should recall General Wolfe and the brief fierce fight upon the heights of Abraham in 1759.

Approaching nearer to the present date, what wonder must have been expressed on the faces of the people who beheld the "Royal William," the second steamer to cross the Atlantic, bear away from Gravesend in 1833!

To-day, the great floating palaces owned by the Canadian Pacific steam to the crowded quay side, and noiselessly, as though they were children's toys, make fast in the deep clear water, without let or hindrance. The smaller Canadian Pacific steamers journey on up the crowded river to Montreal, and with a population of over 90,000 souls, and a huge trade in lumber, apples, cheese and dairy products, Quebec remains the Gibraltar of Canada, and queens it over a province almost three times as large as Great Britain, and the second in size in the Dominion.

The sights had all been seen, even the Golden Dog viewed and wondered at. Last thing of all, a drive to the Falls of Montmorency had been undertaken: through Beauport, near to where Montcalm established his headquarters, past quaint cottages and thriving farms; and the enjoyment of it had been intense.

The brief journey was made in a caleche, a wonderfully strong and light two-wheeled vehicle like a buggy, only a glorified one; made in Quebec, it was said not to be bought elsewhere.

At length came the hour for the move southward and a little westward, and a cosy seat in the parlour car was secured at mid-day, with the knowledge that Montreal would be reached in the evening before eight o'clock.

Nothing could exceed the politeness and attention offered or the comfort found at the Château Frontenac, and only the unspoken hope and the light-heartedness with which one looks ahead, with a journey full of novelty and wonder before one, could stifle the feeling of regret felt as the train cleared the station and Quebec was left behind.

The method of dealing with heavy baggage on the Canadian Pacific system throughout Canada is an admirable one. You merely tell your porter what you want with you in your carriage, and desire him to check the other pieces, and as security for these you receive small brass plates the facsimile of which is strapped to each article. When your destination is reached you hand these to your hotel porter, and in due course you find your luggage safely in your room.

No unauthorised person can walk off with your goods, and you don't stand



round the van hoping that they are safe, and trying to find them, as is so common in England.

On board the train your small effects are guarded by the African (the porters are usually coloured men) in attendance, and upon leaving, your hat and clothes are nicely brushed.

The same procedure applies if you should be staying at some hotel and wish to leave your heavy luggage behind *pro tem*. You will receive a check, and upon your return and the presentation of it, you will get your portmanteaux.

You are then free to take your grip (hand-bag) and be off for a week end.

To those accustomed to travel only upon the railways of the United Kingdom or the Continent, the trains used in Canada will be a change. Corridor carriages of a wider and loftier pattern, with a difference of fitting, are alone used. The sides of the more pointed roof are probably of polished maple, and are speedily lowered, curtained, and otherwise transformed into sleeping berths, by the dexterous attendants. There are upper and lower berths, and the two form what is termed a section. A folding table can be secured so that you can read during the day, and in some cases you may enjoy the comfort of a softly-padded easy chair from which views on both sides of the train may be had.

In the covered gallery at the end, you can be actually in the open air, and if you want to smoke, there is a cosy room where you will meet "all sorts and conditions of men," and where you may wash your hands if you wish.

The trans-continental trains from Montreal are still more luxurious, for they offer you the advantages of an observation car, a library, and afternoon tea.

The brightness of the scene, and the lightness and clearness of the atmosphere, was extraordinary as one penetrated into the country. The sky was as blue as could be and the sun shone brilliantly—a state of affairs that evidently did much to cheer the passengers, of whom there were a goodly number.

They chatted and laughed, read and played cards. In one or two cases, a love of candy and chewing-gum were in evidence, and plump white hands disappeared into little bags constantly and with undisguised satisfaction.

Since Mr. James McPherson had elected to remain in Quebec, the conductor, the African porter, or someone, had to be appealed to to satisfy curiosity or impart local information. The earlier stations passed are the outlets to villages or settlements that were once seigniories, with frontages upon the St. Lawrence, the French language being still prevalent; but with the exception of the wooden zig-zag fences, snake fences, the white and occasionally coloured wooden houses, and the presence of the maple tree, the land looks very much like parts of England. But then, the maple, of which Canadians are so justly proud, would change—better say transform—any land. No words can justly be said to describe its beauties, and the most accomplished artist with every pigment purchasable would have difficulty in reproducing its many tints, varying as they do from the palest and most delicate shade of pink into all the scarlets, until the most flaming blood reds and crimsons appear. To other trees, in its power to



produce vivid effects, it is as the nightingale to other feathered songsters. Imagine such hues against a background of waving pines and silver-stemmed birches, whose feathery golden leaves seem almost too golden to be natural. There are other lovely shades, supplied by the beech, the hickory, the sassafras, huckleberry, oak, elm and swamp willow; but these are all eclipsed and rendered almost pallid by the sugar maples' flashes of blood-red magnificence.

With such a setting in the mind's eye, place before it a white-walled gabled farmhouse, less solid looking than an English one, perhaps, because of its wooden walls,

LABELLE  
QUEBEC  
ON LINE OF  
C.P.R.



more pointed roof, and balcony or verandah. To that little picture add well-filled barns, some horses and cattle, an air and atmosphere of comfort, plenty and peace. That outline somewhat represents, in fair words, many of the houses to be found between Quebec and Montreal.

For the snake fence surely the chief plea that can be raised is that it is easily and cheaply erected, and that any ill-shapen logs furnish the necessary material.

The drone of half-heard conversations, even with the additional interest of



watching gum chewed, added to the monotonous sounds of the moving train, might make you sleepy, irritable or thirsty, continued long enough, much might happen.

In the smoke-room you may hear anything, the possibility of which is cheering.

Will they ever institute smoke-rooms for ladies?

All sorts of news was pleasantly dropped under the influence of the soothing weed due to Sir Walter Raleigh's love of travel.

It was said that at Lovette, some distance back, a Settlement of Christianized Huron Indians exists. At Portneuf there are shoemaking and pulp factories. Most of the villages are able to avail themselves of the water power supplied by the streams that rush down from the hills; and rivers such as the St. Maurice and Jacques Cartier are said to be full of salmon and trout.

Within easy distance of Quebec, keen lovers of sport have banded themselves together for the protection and pursuit of fishing and shooting, owning well-stocked lakes and large stretches of country, where the moose, caribou, elk, and other varieties of game may be found in numbers, and under the most picturesque conditions.

Those who know the country well, and are old and experienced hunters and travellers, are unstinted in their praise of that region.

At Three Rivers there was a sufficient delay to enable one to stretch one's legs, and there, two healthy but very diminutive boys were earnestly engaged in discussing the business situation.

One urchin was evidently much impressed with a growing sense of his own importance, for in an audible tone expressive of wonderment at the ignorance of the other, he said: "Say, sonnie, didn't you know as I was int'rested in chickens?"

The answer was lost in the scramble to regain one's car, as the conductor shouted "All aboard."

At a later period, when it was possible to form a better opinion of the peculiarities of the youth of the country, that urchin's words were often remembered, indicating as they did what was afterwards so noticeable; an earnestness and directness of purpose, a perpetual desire to do something—to be "int'rested" in work, rather than to fritter the time away.

Three Rivers appeared to be a very pretty place, and being conveniently situated at the mouth of the St. Maurice River, at the head of the tidewater of the St. Lawrence, thrives upon the shipment of lumber, ironwork, and machine shops, where bog iron ore found in the neighbourhood is made into stoves and car wheels, these industries supporting a population of about 14,000 people, and the place bears an ancient date, having been founded in 1618.

Soon after you have left Three Rivers behind, you may be said to have bid farewell to the hills, or even undulations, and to have entered upon a vast plain that would at once remind those who have travelled in France of the farms



and villages of that country. The fields are small, the soil as rich as it can be, and cultivated with the care and genuine love of it that characterizes the French Canadian or habitant.

You notice too, and perhaps in a more marked degree, the outward and visible signs of Roman Catholicism, which is apparently the dominant religion throughout the Province of Quebec. Where you whirl past a village with its wide main street, and with but few people in sight, the large-brimmed hat and black robe of the priest are perhaps more noticeable and distinctive than in the densely-populated thoroughfares of Quebec; and where there are few, if any, buildings of any size, the church spire, the seminary, or the charitable institution attracts the eye. Each village seems to constitute a small thriving, happy family, and it is said that the respect and affection of the habitant for his *curé* is touching and profound. In the dead of night, if the bell attached to his little carriage, the sound of which they know so well, is heard, these simple kindly souls will leave their beds as one family and kneel in prayer that his errand of mercy, or perhaps the administration of the viaticum, may be blessed. By those who know, the habitant is considered an honest, hard-working, good citizen.

By the time Louisville was reached, where you may catch a glimpse of Lake St. Peter, and where there are saline springs, a little bullet-headed American with a square jaw and keen eyes had entered into an argument with a young Canadian, and since it was interesting one naturally kept one's ears open. On the one side there was an unbounded belief in all things appertaining to Uncle Sam, and upon the other, a hard-headed thoroughness and natural love of facts that was astonishing. It also may safely be said that these qualities are the rule and not the exception in the youth of Canada. There seems to be a tacit acceptance of the ever-present fact that the birthright of such a new and wonderful inheritance as the Dominion, demands the hardest work and the closest and cutest attention. As in some cases they would put it, "the country's future is up to them."

"Say, I guess you're standin' still out here. A man looks around an' he can't see any people," said the American.

"Why, we're better off than you were a hundred years ago."

"How's that, sonny?"

"The States had a population of 5,300,000 about that time, hemmed in on the Atlantic coast, and didn't have any railways. Now we've got thousands of miles of steel track through to the Pacific and all over the country, and a population of 8,000,000 odd."

"I tell you, you want people an' niggers."

"Niggers d'you say! That'll be fierce for you yet. You can keep your niggers."

"They're mighty useful tell you."

"Maybe. There are 2,000,000 people in this Province. We've 2,000 cheese factories, and there's over 300 per cent. increase in dairy produce during the last ten years. How does that strike you?"





ST. LOUIS GATE  
QUEBEC



SOUS LE CAP STREET  
QUEBEC



MARTELLO TOWER  
AND CALÈCHE  
QUEBEC



"Not much. You've got the land, but what's the use of it if there's no one to till it?"

"They're coming."

"So's Christmas. What's going to happen's this, sonny. We're comin' in here. Then you'll get along, you bet."

"There's lots of room, but don't you worry about us. We're all right."

The American started reading his paper, and the train sped smoothly on, passing Terrebonne, where limestone is found in sufficient quantities to furnish ample supplies for



MONTREAL  
FROM THE  
MOUNTAIN

the construction of large buildings and bridges, and where the northern branch of the Ottawa is crossed. Another evidence of the wealth and vigour of the Romish Church may be seen at St. Vincent de Paul in the shape of a provincial penitentiary; but sleep,

"Balm of hurt minds,"

prevented that edifice from being appreciated, and the American and young Canadian both demonstrated that it comforted them by an occasional snore, which state of things lasted until there was a stoppage, and a voice said, "You like your hat brushed, sar?" We had entered the Place Viger Station. We were in Montreal.





NOTRE DAME CHURCH  
MONTREAL



THE NOTCH  
MONTREAL RIVER



WRITING-ROOM  
PLACE VIGER H  
MONTREAL



When such restless and adventurous spirits as Cartier, Champlain and Maisonneuve first looked upon the rising ground between the St. Lawrence and Mount Royal, where Montreal stands to-day, they must have seen wave upon wave of plumed and rustling foliage, as the willows and alders, the birch, mountain ash, firs and sugar maples spread over the uplands until they crowned the heights of Mount Royal. There may have been a few canoes, signs of Indians, possibly their village of Hochelaga in sight. Now how their eyes would open and how amazed they would be could they but look upon their work transformed by time and the masterly minds of such men as Cunard, Howe, Young and Allan, and in our day by Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy!

By the quayside, opposite St. Helen's Isle, which Maisonneuve bought, and where the Chevalier de Levis, who commanded the last French force in Canada, burned his flags on September 8th, 1760, rather than let them fall into General Amherst's hands, stretches dock after dock, huge grain elevators, line upon line of railway siding, so that freight may come to the very ship's side, mile upon mile of business buildings, factories, means of making money, until seven miles are completed. Vast warehouses, a market, the Bonsecours, and towering above, as though silently blessing the scene with prosperity and peace, one of the oldest religious edifices in Canada—the Church of our Lady of Bonsecours.

The largest city in Canada, and the Commercial Capital of the Dominion, Montreal might be called the Island City and the Garden City too, for it is built upon an island in the St. Lawrence below its confluence with the Ottawa, the rich soil of which has earned the name of the Garden of Canada.

The principal streets run parallel with the river, and their connecting links leave the usual spaces for churches, public buildings, business houses and squares.

The squares are many, and interesting historically and otherwise; the business houses and stores are large and attractive, and such a building as the Bank of Montreal stately and well worth a visit.

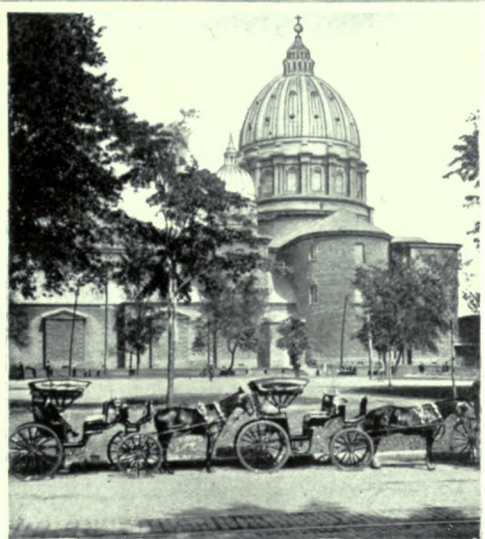
If you have arrived in a new place, the best advice that can be given you is to hire a cab, and drive about it. In that way you will get the quickest and clearest notion of its shape, and will be able to stroll about it later, and enjoy it with greater comfort, since you will be able to find your way.

By those who see Montreal, the drives and walks, the shaded paths and charming roads will never be forgotten, and no one could wish for more delightful and extensive views of thickets and cultivated gardens, of stretches of river and woodland, of vast expanse of plain and pale outline of blue hills, than are there at every turn of the fashionable and health-giving resort, the slopes and heights of Mount Royal.

If you have friends they will take you to the Hunt Club, at the back of the Mountain, and will entertain you sumptuously in a delightful spot full of the sporting recollections and facts of the past and present. You will receive cards inviting you to use the two leading clubs, the St. James and Mount Royal, or Millionaires' Club, as it is styled; a polite attention that one regrets to remember that the leading London clubs



do not permit one to return. Infinite pains will be taken that you may not miss seeing this place of interest or that ; such as the old Château de Ramezay, where many historical relics are preserved, and where the old governors and such men as Benjamin Franklin lived ; the Church of Notre Dame, one of the largest buildings on the continent, that will hold 15,000, and its chapel, where there are many valuable paintings. Then you will be asked to see the frescoes in the Jesuits' Church and Notre Dame de Lourdes. Perhaps a visit will be suggested to the McGill and Laval Universities, or a



ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL  
MONTREAL



STRATHCONA MONUMENT  
MONTREAL



BANK OF  
MONTREAL  
FROM  
THE  
PLACE  
D'ARMES  
SQUARE

first night at one of the theatres, preceded by a round of golf either over the Dicksey or Beaconsfield links. But there is so much to see and do that will interest and amuse, that no better can be said than that it should be seen and done, being well worthy of the trouble.

Should you be a stranger without friends, you can still see much, aided by the local guide-book.

If you wander through the streets, the atmosphere of the East is with you for the first time since your arrival in Canada. You will find Ah Sin at your very elbow,



ironing lustily, his pigtail tucked beneath his black skull cap, his yellow face and almond eye, stolidly impassive, apparently listless. You hear his squeaky voice: "You likee me, I likee you. Welly well, me washee you shirt, lily white, one time."

Frenchmen and Italians brush past you talking and gesticulating with the nervous energy which distinguishes them. On the quay, beside the old Bonsecour Market, amidst the rumble of the freight trains, the clatter of wagons over stones, the shouting of the drivers, the puffing of donkey engines, and the squeaking of cranes and derricks, it would seem that all nations are represented, all tongues spoken. In the market itself, amidst the quantities of fish, either in casks or displayed upon the stalls, the barrels of apples and all kinds of fruit and vegetables, the haggling and agreeing, the buying and selling proceeds. If you look for beggars, though there might be needy cases, you will not find them, for poverty has not reduced them to that pitiful method of obtaining money, and although you may have read "The Pioneers" or other works of Fennimore Cooper, and be in a mood to imagine or create romance upon the first blush of possibility, you will also find no red men. You recall how Maisonneuve, the brave soldier and French leader, fought with the Iroquois chief and vanquished him, evolving your own ideals as you walk round the splendid statue erected to his memory in Place d'Armes Square, not a stone's throw from the stately façade of the Bank of Montreal; but no face or form in the streets will aid you in recreating the Indian and those days that are dead. You will be conscious, especially if your journeyings have taken you much upon the Continent of Europe, of the strange blending of the old Latin and the new Western races, the French Canadian, and the youth who is, or whose fathers were, from the land that deep down in his heart he loves and reveres with all her faults—Great Britain. When you have seen and thought all these things, and are pleasantly tired towards the close of the day, you will willingly turn your steps towards the Place Viger, and enter the Place Viger Hotel.



PLACE VIGER SQUARE

In its construction the style of the old French Château has again been appealed to, and the colour scheme, as you pass from one spacious room to another, reminds you of the Château Frontenac at Quebec. It is all in perfect taste, soothing to the mind, restful to the eye, and good to look upon. Once in your dinner jacket you descend for a cocktail, through well-lighted oak-panelled corridors where are admirably painted and photographed views of the magnificent and distant Rockies. Then, when a superlatively



big and comfortable-looking head waiter, with an amplitude of shirtfront and an unctuous air, refers you to a perfect *menu*, and an irreproachable wine list, you feel, in spite of your buffetings, mental or otherwise, at peace with the world.

The Windsor Station is the head office and Central Railway Dépôt of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. In that huge building are employed something like fifteen hundred officials and clerks, and from it runs the longest continuous line in the world, the steel track to the Pacific Coast.



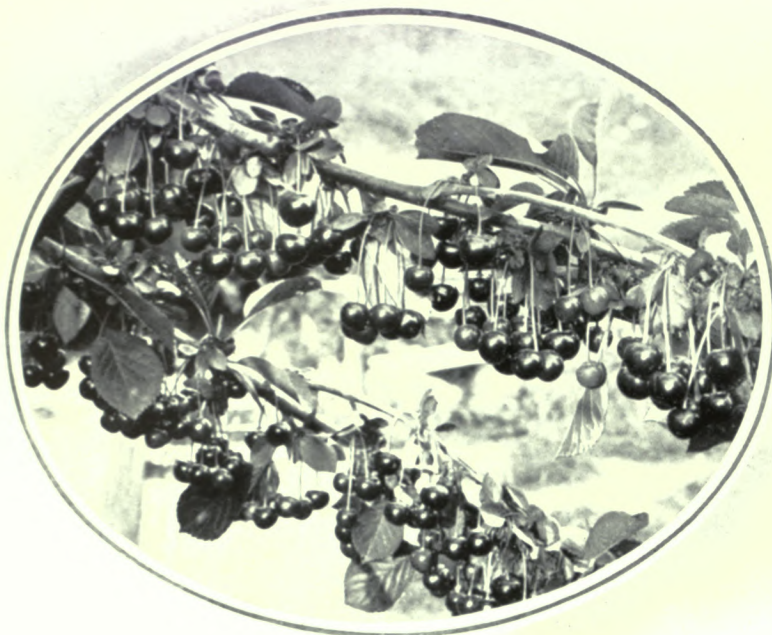
PLACE VIGER HOTEL  
AND PASSENGER  
STATION, MONTREAL.

At length the day came for leaving Montreal; hands had to be shaken and farewell said to those who had been kindness and attention itself. On that particular morning, the 10.10 train was caught, and the journey to Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast, by way of Ottawa and the head of Lake Superior, commenced. This time the drawing-room section had been secured, and there, as the train increased its speed, with books, papers, writing materials, and every comfort gathered together, one sat, full of the excitement of having taken another step on the long journey westward, every mile of which could only be full of interest, and which would end, so far as the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's system was concerned, at Hong Kong.

For those who desire privacy and the attendant comfort of what may best be described as a cosy little sitting-room by day, and a berth, capable of holding three people, with



lavatory attached, at night, a drawing-room section is what should be sought for. But then there are probably not more than two or three on a train, and they are therefore in great request, so that you must book well ahead, and of course pay an extra charge. Some people do indeed declare that a section in the centre of the car is more comfortable than a drawing-room at one or either end of it, and for the reason that there is less vibration or jolting to be felt and that therefore you can sleep better.



With the outskirts of Montreal left behind, pleasant stretches of country such as are seen between Quebec and Montreal are entered upon. The sugar maple is no longer so prolific, and there are fewer cone-bearing trees, but the slopes towards the St. Lawrence, on your left hand as you face the engine, are extremely

pretty, and rich in pastoral effects. You catch a glimpse of the village of Lachine, and the story of how the Iroquois Indians surrounded the peaceful little place at dead of night and at a given signal tomahawked the inhabitants to a man, recurs to you. But the recollection of that melancholy tragedy, since it happened so long ago, and when there were really Indians, only stirs the imagination, awakens the partially dormant spirit of romance, and serves to rivet the attention upon the passing landscape more closely. The military and trading expeditions often started from Lachine in the old days, and Duquesne left there in 1754, having for his object the seizure of the Ohio Valley, General Braddock being beaten as the result of the expedition.





But though with each throb of the engine you advance nearer to the Province of Ontario, and the divisional line between it and the Province of Quebec, you have not left the snake fences behind. The pretty painted homestead, the garden, orchard, or field, are all, in their turn, encircled by those zig-zag erections. They straggle between you and the famous Lachine Rapids, the distant glimpse of which recalls the facts that much pleasure is found in



APPLE ORCHARD  
35 TO 40 YEARS OLD



shooting them, and that Jacques Cartier encountered a grave obstacle in that rush and tumble of water, when exploring the St. Lawrence upon his first visit to the Island of Montreal in 1537. Again you see the same fences on the timbered slopes that descend to that splendid widening of the St. Lawrence, famed for yacht racing, Lake St. Louis.

When we sped through Beaconsfield, thoughts of the few good shots, and alas! the many bad ones played upon those pleasant links, were recalled, and the simple enjoyment of it was lived over again. Those charming stretches of pasture land, timbered and fertile, with the river flashing and foaming through the foliage of the distant trees, are dotted with pretty



villas where people, for many miles round, come for their summer holidays, fishing, sailing, golfing and enjoying every hour of the brilliant sunshine.

The head of the Island of Montreal is reached at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, where Moore the poet lived for a time, and where he wrote his famous Canadian Boat Song :

“Faintly as tolls the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,  
We'll sing at Ste. Anne's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight past.”

We crossed a bridge over the Ottawa River, and were told that there were locks beneath it, constructed solely for the purpose of lifting steamboats *en route* for Ottawa over the rapids.

With the passage of another arm of the Ottawa, the old French town of Vaudreuil was passed, its windmill noticed, and the early days of French Settlement remembered. The constant appearance of so much fresh water also recalled the fact that Canada is said to own “more than one-half of the fresh water area of the globe.” Then we rolled smoothly along the Southern shore of the Lake of Two Mountains, through Como and Hudson, both attractive places and summer resorts.

On the far shore of the Lake of Two Mountains, some Trappist Monks have established themselves, and there, under their vow of silence, pursue the peaceful avocations of dairymen and agriculturists.

To a busy person when upon a railway journey there should be a pleasant sensation of rest and irresponsibility. The bow is not bent so much, because so much is not expected at that moment. You may be on your way to face any and grave difficulties, but the journey should be the business lull in the business storm. You cannot accelerate your progress or direct it in any sense. You are there to be borne along, to inquire into and extract every vestige of information you can about the country through which you are passing, just as the bee extracts honey from the flower ; but in return nothing is expected of you. You may sit and be waited upon with small chance of letters or telegrams coming to upset your equilibrium.

With the passing of Rigoud and Rigoud Mountain with its stony summit and legend of having been one of his Satanic Majesty's playgrounds, a run of less than six miles sets you out of the Province of Quebec, said to be 78,000 square miles larger than the United Kingdom, into that of Ontario. Near that point luncheon was announced, served and discussed, while the train plodded upon its way at something like 30 miles an hour, but so smoothly as not to disturb your comfort appreciably, even when you raised a full glass to your lips. Some of the people who were lunching spoke in terms of great praise of Caledonia Springs, where the Canadian Pacific have established one of their hotels, and which is thought very highly of as a health resort ; and the meal, during which polite and attentive service was rendered, went off without a hitch.







Soon afterwards we crossed the Rideau River—chiefly important because of its connection with Lake Ontario—skirted along the Rideau Canal and entered Ottawa. The keen desire to reach Winnipeg and the West overruled the dictates of reason, which said in unmistakable terms, “You should leave the train here and spend at least a couple of days in this the Political Capital, commandingly situated at the junction of the Rideau and



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS  
FROM RIVER OTTAWA

Ottawa Rivers, with good hotels, handsome Government buildings, a population of over 80,000 people, and a settled reputation as one of the most delightful capitals in the world.” However, the die was cast—it was not to be; but feeling that such a drastic step as proceeding onwards must be atoned for in some measure, books were appealed to and facts gathered.

No wonder that Canadians are proud of this the Capital of the Dominion, and its



natural position at the confluence of two such fine rivers, upon a sufficient height above them, skilfully laid out, with fine wide drives, and in the heart of beautiful country, makes it a suitable home for the Governor-General, and well entitles it to be called "The Washington of the North."



LOGGING  
RAILWAY

The water power from the Chaudière Falls is responsible for the existence of many thriving saw-mills, and as the train crosses the Ottawa River by the Royal Alexandra Bridge, skirting the town of Hull, and recrossing the river again to reach the Union Station, the views both of the river and city are very impressive. For the first time since entering

Canada you are forcibly reminded of the vastness of the trade done in timber. Huge rafts are seen, the whole reaches of the splendid stream are covered with saw logs, bound by massive booms, until the mills below shall require them.

Should there be a desire to fish or shoot, the Gracefield branch to Maniwaki will set you down on the Gatineau, in the heart of a country full of streams and lakes. The



HAULING LOGS



Waltham branch, too, offers immense possibilities for a lover of rod and gun ; in fact, the country abounds in game, and fish, such as bass, maskinonge and trout are plentiful. After passing Carleton Junction, a thriving place of about 5,000 people, where there are saw-mills and various large workshops, the train continues onwards through the Ottawa Valley, and from the platform at the end of the last car, right and left of you, cultivated farms are seen surrounded by landscapes of great beauty, in the midst of a land of plenty and promise. From thence many places are passed, varying in population and the nature of their industries ; saw-mills, woollen mills, machinery, railway shops and lumber, but in every case there exists the same appearance of cheerful and resolute enterprise, the same profound belief in and intention to develop every resource within reach.

To keep in good odour with the conductors, porters and, indeed, with all the officials if possible, is a piece of advice that applies to travel of any sort, anywhere, and a piece of advice not to be neglected with impunity. As a passenger on a train, it is a comfort to be advised of the next stoppage of sufficient length to enable you to stretch your legs, post some letters, send a telegram, or perhaps pick up some curio, the intrinsic value of which may be absurdly small, but which money would not buy, perhaps, in the days ahead, when the things that were, live only in the moonlight of memory. The stoppages, too, at the stations are interesting from other points of view. You have suddenly arrived in a new little world, and are privileged to examine the faces of the people, to hear the scraps of conversation, and often insensibly to learn much, if only the desire be in you, and to the attentive eyes and ears are added a kindly smile, or a cheery word, as an open sesame.

First impressions are surely always the clearest and remain the longest, and the first twenty-four hours of life on a trans-continental train should be very distinctly remembered by an observant person, especially twenty-four hours of journeying through such a country as Canada. Comfortably ensconced in the smoke-room, or in the observation car, you skim past station after station, listening dreamily to the dull hum of conversation, and dimly conscious that here and there, at least, semi-friendships are springing up. You look out of the window and see rocks, lakes and lakelets, rivers, rivulets, rolling hills and slopes, fir clad for the most part, but thickly intermingled with silver birch, poplar, maple, cedar, balsam, spruce and jack pine trees, amidst which may be caught the glancing flight of a jay ; then follow patches of grass, yellow in the fading sunlight, fringed with bushes of different kinds. You flash past a lake, blue as the far-famed waters of the Mediterranean, studded with islands green as emeralds, or with rocks where are lichens of gold, bronze and every shade of brown and burnt sienna.

Even towards the waning hours of that first day, the thoughts occurred that there is nothing in this country but beauty and future romance, and that in its newness and freshness, impregnated as it is with vast possibilities that practically amount to certainties, hope, achievement and triumph are its very atmosphere.

To tell of it is only to say again how little has really been done, and by reciting one and all of the achievements that have so far changed the face of it, opened a pathway through it, you but draw more marked attention to the future before it, and, as the seer of



old, foretell only what will of a surety come to pass. The logs hewn and stacked at the rail side, the pine trees felled in the forest, the vast rafts of lumber floating upon the river, the huge stacks of timber glutting the great saw-mills, and causing them to hum with monotonous regularity and surprising result, have but one story to tell, one prediction to fulfil. The country will get peopled—is getting peopled—and fast enough, but let us hope with the class of men and women best calculated to do their work thoroughly and develop it upon sound lines, and to its utmost capacity. It is all as clear as the interpretation of a dream in the old days, bearing the best stamp and superscription of all—that of truth. The logs are there to make sleepers for new lines of rail, a double artery, and branches



INTERIOR OF  
STANDARD CAR

to all points. The pine trees felled in the forest will soon be lopped of their branches and become part and parcel of others laid in their places and forming the walls of some clean and healthy home, with its wide eaves and little verandah. The lumber in creeks and rivers will be sold at good price, and the trade that is will increase.

But what of all the other industries—the wheat and fruit growing, the horse ranching, sheep and cattle farming, the oil, iron and silver mining? What of the vast tracts of land where minerals are known to exist, or have been found and are being worked? It is also incredible that millions upon millions of acres—something like 85 in Ontario alone—unscanned as yet by scientific eyes, should be destitute of wealth of one or other sort. On the other hand, common sense dictates that the gentle slopes, the rough shoulders, hog-backed hills and steeper peaks will one day, when shorn of their brushwood, their wild roses, huckleberries and whortleberries, when the axe has been laid to the roots of the



forests of spruce, balsam, cedar and pine, furnish whole generations of agriculturists, miners, and workers in many crafts, with abundance to do, and money in abundance to live upon.

As you pass along that great railway system that uncoils itself through the land like the curves and folds of a monster snake, and you see that wonderful steel track ahead and disappearing behind you in a little cloud of pale brown dust, with chaotic masses of rock piled upon either side, the mind is staggered by the immense distances spanned, and the colossal difficulties overcome. Mile upon mile of seemingly even road is passed, but upon closer examination, you observe that almost every foot of it has been banked up and literally built. You thunder through a cutting in the solid rock and gaze



OBSERVATION  
CAR

upwards over hundreds of feet of beetling crags, but you emerge from that cutting only to cross a trestle bridge, which enables you to span a lake wide and deep, or the way through which has been filled in foot by foot, the material to do it having been blasted, quarried and transported, in some cases, long distances. You sweep round some rock-bound curve, and from the observation car you see that you are crossing a pine-clad gorge, and your eye follows the feathery tree tops, down and downwards until it encounters a mountain torrent, foaming, leaping and swirling over huge boulders, or flowing in smooth sea-green reaches, deep and eddying, or solid in weight and placid as oil.

The mind becomes bewildered as stream after stream, lake after lake is passed, now upon this side, then upon that, ever varying in shape, ever changing in hue, for the depth of water, and the cloud and light effects alter swiftly as you move. Suddenly you rub your eyes. Absorbed in watching and missing no detail of the scene, you



were unaware that you had been gazing into the gathering gloom of evening, that the row of lights below you in the water are reflections from the train that has been illuminated from end to end, and that one of the dining-car stewards is by your side advising you of the first call for supper. That eminently important meal was such a success, and so thoroughly enjoyed amidst laughter and merriment, that it may be as well to supply the *menu* with the charges affixed :—

#### SUPPER.

SOUP, WITH BREAD AND BUTTER, 25c.  
(With Meat or Fish Orders, 15c.)

BROILED FISH, 40c.

TENDERLOIN STEAK, 70c.

SIRLOIN STEAK, 65c.

CLUB SIRLOIN STEAK (for two), \$1 25c.

LAMB CHOPS (2), 45c. ; (3), 60c.

(With Mushrooms or Bacon, 20c. extra ; with Tomato Sauce, 10c. extra.)

SUGAR CURED HAM OR BREAKFAST BACON,

PLAIN, 40c. WITH 2 EGGS, 50c.

#### COLD MEATS

ROAST BEEF, 40c.

HAM, 40c.

TONGUE, 40c.

EGGS { BOILED, FRIED OR SCRAMBLED (3), 20c.  
{ POACHED ON TOAST (2), 25c.

OMELETTES, PLAIN, 25c. ; WITH HAM, PARSLEY OR JELLY, 30c.

POTATOES, BAKED, FRIED OR LYONNAISE, 10c.

SALADS, 25c.

TOAST, 10c.

HOT BISCUITS, 10c.

PLAIN BREAD, 10c.

GRAHAM BREAD, 10c.

MARMALADE OR JAM, 15c.

PRESERVED FRUITS, 20c.

GRIDDLE CAKES, WITH MAPLE SYRUP, 20c.

TEA,

COFFEE,

CHOCOLATE,

Cup, 10c. ; Pot, 20c. Cup, 10c. ; Pot, 20c. Cup, 15c. ; Pot, 25c.

MILK, Glass, 10c.

CREAM, Glass, 20c.

No order served for less than 25 cents to each person.

No charge for bread and butter served with meat or fish orders.

Waiters are not allowed to take verbal orders.

Guests will be furnished with order blanks and are respectfully requested to write their orders, and before making payment to kindly notice that amount of bill corresponds with receipt properly punched.

Guests are respectfully requested to retain receipts.



A cigar and a chat in the smoke-room followed, one or two of the passengers firing off some rather amusing stories ; then, since the stars were flashing and a radiant moon soared in a cloudless sky of the deepest indigo blue, there was a temporary adjournment to the covered platform, already alluded to, where the vivid, at times weird, and almost startling effects of light and shadow were watched and enjoyed. That, too, was abandoned, first by one and then another, and the porter was appealed to, with the result that with

ready neatness and surprising dexterity the heavy panels of the pointed roof were lowered, the beds made, and the thick green curtains drawn across section after section as their owners retired for the night. The lights were turned low, and amidst the monotonous rumble of the train, the fat



FARM HOUSE

hand" of the African attendant good-naturedly patted the last pillow before closing the door of the drawing-room section, and in his kindly voice said, "Good-night, sar; all nice and comfortable, sar?"

A sound sleep of several hours duration

followed that rather comical good-night, and in the pale gray light of the early dawn, huge boulders and rock cuttings, lakelets and streams, were still being passed. The pine forest clothing a hill had been swept by fire, but the close-growing arrow-like trunks had been cleansed by rain and dried by wind, and in place of an ugly blackness, they were of a pallid gray, smooth and polished, reminding one of the clean-picked bones of animals rather than of the once verdant and flourishing forest trees. We clanked through a tiny wayside station, with its pointed roof, overhanging eaves, brightly painted walls, and



SUCCESSFUL  
FARMER'S HOUSE



handful of new homes clustered about it. Gathered upon the platform were a group of hardy travel-stained men, a study in pose and colour, as with rifles in hand they smoked and chatted, standing round the carcasses of four or five fine deer, the apparent result of their prowess.

Owing to night and that sound sleep, the wild and romantic scenery between North Bay and Chapleau had not been actually seen, so that one could only try to imagine it, and be content with the assurance that with a rod and a canoe much good fishing could be had in the network of lakes and waterways, and that deer, moose, and bear may be found in fair numbers. Near Sudbury there are the famous nickel, copper, and gold deposits, and in the Moose Mountains hard by Canada possesses her largest and richest iron reefs.

At Messanaibi you see a red-roofed green-doored and gold-signed Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Dépôt, and you recall how Champlain founded his trading post at Montreal in 1611, and it may be also that you try to imagine the men of courage, endurance and perseverance who fought in and were sheltered by the old walls of Fort Garry, now known as Winnipeg. Hereabout, you are told of trade in furs and lumber, of agricultural endeavour, of mines and minerals, and you see railway workshops, yards for resting cattle, evidence upon all sides of the steady and persistent effort to make headway, where happily, honest and painstaking toil cannot fail to be duly rewarded.

With a good 800 miles accomplished, deep rock cuttings, tunnels, and viaducts form the track, and as you thus pass in and out, exchanging the bright warm sunshine for gloom, now speeding along a sheer cliff face, anon burrowing beneath it, you are enabled to gaze to your heart's content upon the greatest body of fresh water on the globe, having a square area of 32,000 miles, for beneath you, beating upon the rocks, are the waters of Lake Superior. No wonder that the face of so much water, deep in many parts, should be ruffled at times and occasionally swept by terrific storms. A paradise for the careful and experienced yachtsman; without knowledge and nerve, sailing would have its grave dangers. But what lovely shores round which to cruise, with brush or pencil handy, or for the lover of rod or gun, what wealth and weight of whitefish or trout, teal, widgeon or other winged wild-fowl might safely be counted upon. Even the emigrants waxed enthusiastic, and the dusky faces of the porters beamed over the varied beauties seen at every turn and angle of the great curve round Jackfish Bay. Rocks, cataracts, and plunging streams, with steep jagged face of frowning cliff, or deep cool glen where trees and ferns rivalled each other in many shades of green and bronze and gold, growing even into the rippling waters of the lake, with its beauteous and distant bays, and many a mile in sight of blue or purple land. Jackfish itself holds the distinction of being at the north-east corner of the lake, and to its natural advantages adds the claim to gold and zinc mines near at hand, and boasts of being a coaling station of importance to the railway. Delightful camping and fishing trips may be made from this base along the Upper Steele River.



At Schreiber, more people than usual had gathered upon the platform, and that, and perhaps the nearer approach to Winnipeg, or the chance of exercise, told upon the spirits of a brawny son of Scotland, so with an accordion in lieu of bagpipes, down from the emigrants' car he leapt, and to the inspiriting tune of "The Campbells are Coming," patrolled the platform at a quick march. A couple of turns of this were all that a vigorous native of Erin could support, and with an "Och, begorra," he was at his side. "You're lookin' moighty foine, Scottie," he yelled, "but there's ould Ireland an' meself that 'uld be spakin'," and amidst roars of good-natured laughter he seized the accordion and stepped out to the tune of "The Wearin' o' the Green."

At Nipigon Bay, which is divided from Lake Superior only by groups of islands, one heard of the wise provision made by the Ontario Government for the health and well-being of future generations, in perpetuity; Lake Nipigon with twenty miles of the surrounding land having been set aside as a splendid Forest Reserve; and there and throughout the whole district, including the Nipigon River, game and the speckled trout abound.

Talking of Forest Reserves, it may be interesting to note that Canada proper has actually set aside 3,210,240 acres for Rocky Mountain parks, that Quebec has 1,620,000 acres of Forest Reserves, and Ontario 11,500,000 acres, so that the sons of the future are assured of space, sport, and fresh air. On the strength of the game and fishing reports, the longing to leave the train and try one's fortune almost gained the mastery, but thoughts of checked baggage which would go to Winnipeg, and of expectant people there, conquered, and the temptation was resisted.

Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Superior, possesses many advantages, for the Lake steamships call there, and it is the Western terminus of the Lake Superior Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In addition, Port Arthur has reason to be proud of its electric railway, water power, light works and hotels.

At Fort William claims are laid to the near presence of a Sleeping Giant, to a wealth of Indian legend, and in the old days it was a notable Hudson's Bay Company's Post, where trappers and voyageurs used to meet, and where great coal docks, grain elevators, sidings and workshops now stand. It is also the Western terminus for the Canadian Pacific Lake Steamers, which link it with Owen Sound and thus make it an outlet for vast quantities of grain.

From Fort William onwards the country is wild and beautified by numberless lakes and water channels, so connected that in the famous Red River Expedition of 1870, Lord Wolseley was enabled to use that route for the easier transport of his troops.

A host of budding hamlets, villages and small townships, some day to blossom into thriving cities, are passed as the train threads its way through the country. The Falls at Eagle River were admired. At Wabigoon there was further talk of mining. At Dryden of Government experimental farming, and of the good mixed farming land to be obtained at a moderate price in the surrounding district. Such information brought the reflection that Ontario's leading industry being agriculture and 70 per cent. of the population engaged in it, she has still vindicated her right to say that she has thriven and thriven well. Her grain crop has increased by leaps and bounds, her farming industry has doubled in output during the last twenty years, and, three years



ago, over 4,000 farmers were in a position to try experiments on their own estates. The figures concerning the beef, bacon, and cheese industries are well worth examination, and happily prove immense progress, while as regards fruit growing, spoken of as being in its infancy, 10,000,000 apple trees are to be found in the Province. At Kenora, the Lake of the Woods furnishes 3,000 square miles of fresh water, and in addition to whatever industries exist, there are endless sites for new pulp, flour, and saw mills, while at Keewatin a huge flour mill can be seen at work.



C.P.R. GRAIN  
ELEVATORS,  
FORT WILLIAM



ACROSS THE  
PRAIRIE

Amidst the pale brown dust, as it rises above the track, you at length encounter a notable board. It is rough and not over large, but the words upon it speak volumes, for on the one side the letters spell "Ontario," and upon the other, "Manitoba." You have crossed the simple boundary between the two Provinces, and have entered the world-famed wheat land, which has a population of 360,000 only, but which in size claims to be as big as England and Scotland put together.

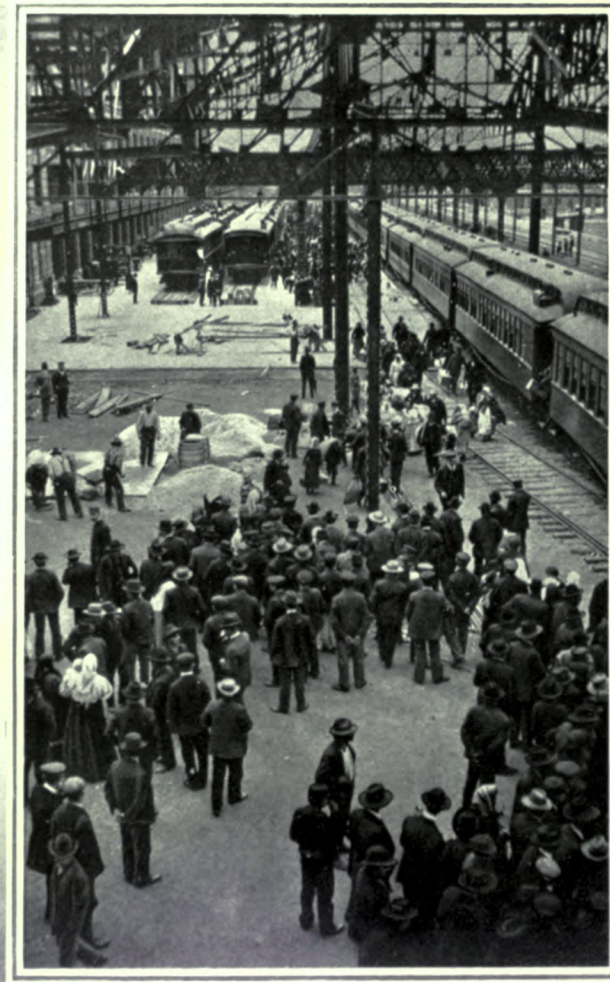
For a number of miles eastward of Winnipeg the country resembles prairie land, being flat, but with more brushwood and more small isolated clumps of trees. On a close scrutiny with glasses, of even the most distant copse, one perhaps on the verge of



the horizon, a white-walled farmstead will be discovered, nestling amongst the low-growing foliage, in the midst of its acres of wheat land. At length the ceaseless throb of the engine brought the Red River into view, and through the country, now plain-like in character, its course is followed until it is crossed, and Winnipeg, the Chicago of Canada (1,422 miles from Montreal) is entered amongst much ringing of engine bells, and a cautious threading of innumerable lines of rail which, with sidings in and around the station itself, are said to measure 120 miles of steel.

A powerful imagination is required to recreate the Fort Garry of 1871 with its population of about 100, where to-day some 200,000 people thrive and grow rich, in and around the spacious streets, lined with handsome buildings of stone and brick, made gay with huge and enterprising stores, lighted with electricity and able to compete in many respects with the best of the western shops. It is impossible to suppress a feeling of genuine astonishment upon entering the Royal Alexandra Hotel, seasoned globe-trotters, more likely to be *blasé* than easy to please, having readily admitted that in the construction and furnishing of the spacious—one may say stately—hall, the ball-room, the reception-rooms, suites of apartments and ordinary bedrooms, great architectural and artistic merit have been displayed. No one need wish to be more comfortably housed, attended to, or to have better food. The building alone of this palatial place of entertainment cost 1,250,000 dollars, and as a further convenience it is connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's station and owned by them.

The Red and Assiniboine Rivers, uniting as they do within the radius of the town, and both of a depth and width to enable steamers to ply, must be a great additional advantage to add to the other natural ones enjoyed by the place as a future huge trade centre. There are still signs of wooden logs instead of stone pavement, and in the bars, with their plate-glass windows and stout brass protecting rods, surprise and amusement might be occasioned the uninitiated by the sight of rows of men in nondescript attire seated facing the street while talking, smoking, and reading the papers. Romance is certainly not dead, for the buggy and the electric tram cars are often passed by strong bronzed figures mounted upon horses capable



EMIGRANTS ARRIVING  
AT WINNIPEG



of accomplishing a journey of from forty to fifty miles without turning a hair ; and there is also the flavour of the wild West to be found in the rougher stores where coarser furs and outfits are advertised for sale. In the suburbs, pretty villas, gardens and avenues of trees decorate and brighten the scene, so that once beheld, the whilom



WINNIPEG HOTEL  
AND STATION

Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Outpost will assuredly never be forgotten. From Winnipeg the Canadian Pacific Railway has branch lines running in many directions. Southwards to the United States boundary, following the trend of the Red River to Emerson and Gretna, westward to Regina, Saskatchewan, and

the Moose Mountains, or north-westward and north to such places as Saskatoon, Wetaskiwin, Edmonton, Selkirk, Winnipeg Beach, Gimli and Stony Mountain.

If the keenest sporting inclinations could be successfully combated at an earlier stage of the journey, it can easily be understood that Winnipeg once "done," visions of Rocky Mountain wonders, of the Selkirk Range, of the descent to the Pacific Coast



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW  
OF WINNIPEG



and of distant Japan, sent one soon again to the railway station and a section in the West-bound train.

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin' "

only wise and proper delays can be brooked. So with a merry, good-natured crowd on board once more one listened to the rhythmic pulse of the engine and watched the miles fly by. Apparently as flat as a pancake, in reality there is a steady incline as you move westward, and at Marquette, 1,451 miles from Montreal and midway between that place and the Pacific Coast, you have already risen many feet, while at Portage la Prairie on the Assiniboine River, and fifty-six miles from Winnipeg, an ascent of 100 feet has been made, and you are 854 feet above sea level.

It may sound strange, but while still within forty miles of Winnipeg and noticing that the farms in sight were put to cattle-breeding and the dairy-producing industry, again the rough sign on the railway track

PORTAGE  
LA PRAIRIE



bearing the words "Ontario" and "Manitoba" was remembered; the reason being that when that point was reached, it was first borne in upon the mind that the vast level flats ahead spelt gold in every acre. In addition, though the mines of Ballarat, the solid wealth of the Rand, or the diamond district of Kimberley would no doubt fall short of an artist's rendering of the word "beautiful," the true artist might be tempted to admit, apart from the known intrinsic value of the land, that the great wheat country has its own strange charm, its own distinct beauty. The air is so clear, dry and invigorating, the sense of space so profound, and the farms and holdings, however small, have cherished and nurtured every tree that could be planted or laid claim to with such care, that the dead level of the landscape is broken and relieved of what might become monotonous by these constantly recurring green oases. Here and there the yellow corn of autumn



rustling in wind-blown waves of light and shade, or the strong black loam where the plough has turned it in the later days, are protected from the resistless force of the wind by thick, low-growing woods; and then, too, the golden wheat may have become stubble, and the stubble again gone down before the plough, but a wondrous arch of heaven is above them all, and the drifting clouds make swiftly changing lights and tender shadows.

An object attracts you, a something far away amidst the waving grass, the wheat or stubble, a tiny cloud of dust springs up, then a wagon and a team of horses heave in sight, to disappear again in some depression of the land or by reason of deceptive



EXPERIMENTAL FARM  
BRANDON

distances. The white point of a home miles distant catches the eye, or mounds and shucks (round heaps of straw or grass), pointed ricks, some cattle browsing placidly, or the little village starting up, clinging to the great railway track like limpet to the rock, and heralding the busy town and splendid city of the days to come; but all speak of peace and plenty and undeveloped wealth, and over all and in all there is a subtle, indefinable charm of beauty. As a typically thriving place Indian Head is prominent. Its handful of original settlers has quickly leapt to 7,000. Many of the wheat-yielding farms of the district are models of fruitfulness, and one in particular is owned by the Government and exploited upon the most approved lines. It already boasts of a municipal water supply and an electric lighting plant. As the stations are passed, usually some few miles apart, the clustering houses, the number of grain elevators, flour mills, manufactories, and stores betray the size of each place almost at a glance. The stores are painted of any



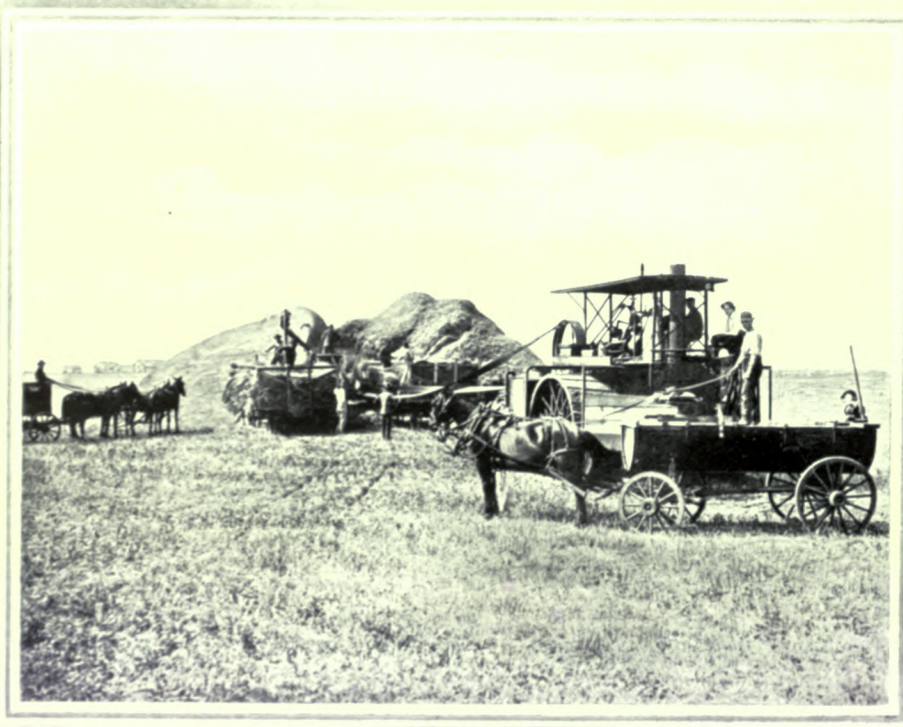
or every colour, and are usually quite near the line, perhaps separated by a road or a plot of grass surrounded by trees, but with the white painted enclosure for resting cattle, an air of honest endeavour, of health, and, in spite of any obstacles, of success, is invariably conveyed.

Stock farms appear amidst brushwood, ponds, and small streams, and at Carberry, a thriving place, there are signs of a grain market of some size, and soon afterwards the Brandon Hills appear in the south-west, and you cross the Assiniboine River to enter Brandon with its population of 20,000 people, its experimental farm, its elevators, flour and planing mills and manufactories. From thence onward, beyond the valley of the Assiniboine, there are prosperous farms and thriving villages, but the average eye and the average mind not there for business purposes forgets to note the size or appearance of the places passed, there being at present some sameness in them, and is rather on the look-out for wilder or stranger sights, for birds or animals—anything that may agree with the impressions formed of the wonders of the prairie, either from books read or from the pure romance with which imagination may have clothed it. With every desire to be studious, to learn as much as possible during this hasty transit through the land, there are moments when the mind refuses to consider the extent of the wheat area, the increase in oats, barley, or dairy products. So you look up from your book and you see a flight of ducks making for the south, towards the rice fields of Southern Texas, changing their formation in their rapid flight, and as they grow more and more indistinct appearing as a thin wreath of vapour affected by the wind.

And so hour by hour you journey through the boundless prairie, broken only by

the wayside station, the village or the isolated farm, the stacks or shucks, the fringe of willows or clumps of trees, the soft blue rolling outline as of foothills far away; the eye never tired of watching, the brain ever conscious of the sense of space and freedom, and of the freshness of the clear crisp air, whenever a rush is made for a brief walk along the platform, or whenever you may inhale it.

Just as in other lands, you see the tiny







HEREFORD  
CATTLE



A SHEEP RANCH



church occupying its place of honour, the other buildings clustering round as children near their parent, all built of wood, but bright, clean and thriving beneath the vault of space, which, as the sun sinks westward, is shot with orange, crimson and the deeper shades of red, again to fade before the swift approach of night. One by one twinkling points of light flash forth from distant homes, while the train keeps thundering onwards into the immensity of blackness ahead.

Upon awakening after a refreshing sleep you find yourself still plodding on with rhythmic sound, the sky now changed into a rainbow-tinted belt, encircling one, and of hue as vivid as the bow set within the clouds, and gazed at with such wonder. Think that

MOOSE JAW STATION.  
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



you see these rays of warmth and light tingeing the flat expanse of prairie, of a pallid yellow in its sun-dried autumn coat; signs there may be of a watercourse fringed with brush of willow type, of a farm, a station, some cattle feeding between dark patches, where fire has swept the land and left it like dried heather when the flower has gone and rain has soaked it.

For those interested in grain growing, and in witnessing how industry can triumph and compel success, it might be well to stop at Balgonie Station, for at that point the finest agricultural land exists, and the men who are handling it are said to know their business. At Moose Jaw again there are some notable stockyards, and at Chaplin you see



the snow-white alkali surrounding the northernmost of the Chaplin Lakes, while not far distant, in the prairie beyond, the old buffalo trails are distinctly visible, and if a sharp look-out be kept, coyotes, prairie dogs, or antelopes may be seen, while the pools and lakes are the favourite haunts of geese, swans, pelicans, teal, and innumerable wild fowl. At Rush Lake there are numerous and splendid examples of the intrinsic value of irrigation, and at Swift Current the richness of the land from a grain-growing point of view is again obvious. At Maple Creek there are yards for the shipment of cattle. Brood mares, and cayuses (ponies) graze amongst the clumps of sage bushes, and heavily-laden freight trains rumble past, eastward bound. Near Irvine one observes clumps and stretches of timber, with undulations rolling away towards the foot of the Cypress Hills, which catch the eye in the far distance.

Flights of duck and geese stream overhead, there are more buffalo wallows, and heaps of dried bones lie bleaching. Occasionally a strong brown hawk flaps lazily away, and one thinks of the vulture and the eagle circling through the passes and above the peaks of the mountains ahead.

At Medicine Hat there was the usual busy crowd to meet the train, and amongst it some Indian women with oily jet black hair and sun-tanned faces; sedate, almost sulky in expression, which appearance may have been accentuated by the fact that no buyer could be found for the hat pegs of buffalo horns (they said they were buffalo horns) they offered for sale, price three to five

dollars. Everyone examined them with interest and even curiosity, just as they did the moccasins and bright-striped blankets in which these dusky daughters of Eve were dressed. Amidst the loud clanking of the engine bell the train slowly gathered way again, and Medicine Hat, and the South Saskatchewan, together with the Indians, loafers, ranchers, and *bona fide* travellers, were left behind, while a cloudless sky, a cool fresh breeze and a brilliant sun lighted and cheered the pale lemon-coloured limitless expanse of prairie still heaving ahead, dotted with more cattle like tiny blobs of ink, three or four prairie wolves, a herd of deer, a flight of linnets passing southwards, and for the rest, hills as of pale blue ribbon girdling and closing in the distance.

Medicine Hat, a man said who had been "most everywhere," was ahead of the general run of places—in fact, the centre of a great farming and fruit-growing district, and, curiously enough, so rich in natural gas owing to wells such as "Old Glory" that it is not thought worth while to turn out the lamps.

ROUND UP OF  
BROOD MARES,  
CALGARY,  
ALBERTA





Before Crowfoot was reached the same man had waxed enthusiastic, and had pointed out the Bow River to the south, where it gleamed occasionally like a silver thread. The entire country was, he said, so rich that words failed to describe it. There were beds of coal, and natural gas in any quantity to be had for the boring. The gas, he said, was used for the railway water supply, and you could see it burning brightly if you looked. The next excitement was supplied by the sight of an encampment of Blackfoot Indians, whose sharply-pointed teepees dotted the prairie, and made one hark back mentally to the accounts in days past of these fierce people, the world-famed peaks of the Rockies just peeping above the horizon lending colour to the reflection. From Medicine Hat to Calgary, a distance of 150 miles, stretches the block of land which the Canadian Pacific Railway is rapidly converting into the most closely settled district in Canada by means of a vast irrigation system.

At Gleichen a short stop was made, and the Rockies showed more plainly in their snow-clad splendour, but the man who had been "most everywhere" was not in the mood just then to give a thought to peaks or snow, or any trifling details of that sort: his mind was running upon dollars—dollars were to be had for the asking, for a modicum of work, though he laid great stress upon the fact that ne'er-do-wells of the remittance man type were not only not wanted, but were at such a discount that no room could be found for them, and they usually languished or went away tired. On the other hand, the men who were needed were steady young fellows with a trade and perhaps a small capital, and for such there could be nothing but success. What was in his mind came out, bit by bit, as the train steamed on through several small but thriving stations.

He said that he had seen some remarkable sections of land in this neighbourhood, and that he proposed to buy some himself, as no investment could be found to touch it. This statement required no endorsement, and perhaps the silent assent with which it was received in a measure accounted for his burst of enthusiasm as his eye encountered a railway station in process of construction.

"That shows you what the country wants, an' what it'll have," he said; "new" he pronounced it "nu"—"nu stations, an' that's what it'll have. In ten years' time there'll be stations thick as they can stick. Take my word for it. I've no use for old buildings. Old buildings shows the country's played out. Nu ones springin' up shows that there's a market. There's enterprise. People wants to go ahead." An assent was nodded, and the listeners were evidently impressed with the feeling that he was right, at least up to a point, though a few remarks might have been made. However, at that instant someone indicated a bright light away to the eastward, just on the brow of a hog-backed hill, and mildly suggested that it was probably a prairie fire. "Prairie fire ye think, is it," he said. "That's the moon, that is;" and it was, a glorious golden prairie moon, which borrowed colour from the westward, where every shade of pallid greens and golds and pinks were changing into darker colours, making ridges and islands of bewildering brilliancy as the sun sank and left it white, glistening and majestic.





PLOUGHING



REAPING



THRESHING



THE GRANARY OF  
THE EMPIRE



The dominating, or domineering, influence, if you like, of this one man seemed to have had a sobering or silencing effect upon everyone, so that the situation was entirely his, and this fact he proceeded to improve upon by snapping curt remarks to no one in particular and just when it so pleased him. He drew attention to some canals and ditches which we crossed, and to the number of new stations and towns along the line, Bassano, Strathmore, Langdon and innumerable others, and eased himself of the assertion that the Canadian Pacific had a huge scheme on hand for irrigating about 3,000,000 acres, indicating some of the works near the line; then, as though he did not quite see why he should talk without being paid for it, he lapsed into a silence which no one



ROUND-UP  
OF HORSES  
NEAR  
CALGARY,  
ALBERTA

seemed inclined to break, and in the midst of it, and the curious waning brilliancy of a magnificent after-glow, the iron horse clanked into Calgary.

As a matter of fact, when alluding to irrigation the man was imparting very little information; at all events, the whole world now knows of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's great project for irrigating 3,000,000 acres of the richest soil in the country by utilizing the inexhaustible supply of water from the Bow River, storing it in a huge reservoir and spreading it through the land by means of 4,000 miles of canals, thus completing the greatest irrigation system on the Continent of America, and perhaps the second or third largest scheme upon the globe.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's brilliant and eminently practical ready-made farm scheme must now also be of world-wide repute. No breaking up of soil, fencing, or digging



of wells for the lucky settler, but all this done for him; a house and a barn supplied, and his first half-year, perhaps the hardest and most anxious period of his career as a farmer, made easy for him.

Most people would probably feel inclined to stop at Calgary.

Then, too, you have probably heard a great deal about it as a centre of the ranching industry and as a place from which supplies are drawn for the mining districts in the mountains beyond. The white summits of the Rockies look down upon it across great stretches of fertile country, and the Bow River flows placidly about it, beneath low cliffs of semicircular shape.

A western eye is sure to be attracted by the varied colouring of the houses, separated as they are by wide streets. No two are alike, and their wooden walls, with balconies and overhanging eaves, are of many shades of green, pink, yellow ochre, and brown. The atmosphere of a place is quickly caught and appreciated by an intelligent person, and in a very little time Calgary would be set down as a spot where people are making money, where the possibilities are enormous, and where dry, sunny, and invigorating air will enable a man to work to the best advantage, and, should he choose to stay there, to live to a ripe old age.

You think dimly of the East when you see the many-coloured walls and the plan of the place from the higher land overlooking it, but when you drive back into the streets, and a rancher and his wife canter past you, laughing and happy amidst the dust and the sunshine, you know again that you are really trotting through a street in the vigorous, boundless West—the country that is, but that is to be. The couple you have noticed look workmanlike to a degree. The man wears a wide-brimmed felt hat, a shirt, breeches, and stout boots with spurs. His saddle reminds you of Mexico, and his face is as brown as a berry. His wife wears a divided skirt, and if you asked her she would admit that on those two wiry cayuses they have loped in from their ranch, a matter of fifty miles, just to spend an hour or two, and do a little necessary shopping.

The air makes you ask how high you are above sea level, and you are told over 3,000 feet. You glance at your annotated time table to see what may be the population, and you read the figures 33,000. You cast a glance about you, and beyond the limits of the place the eye encounters nothing but mile upon mile of fertile country,



CAMPING PARTY  
NEAR HIGH ROCK



for the most part virgin soil where 20,000,000 people could find homes and work and yet leave land ungrazed, uncultivated.

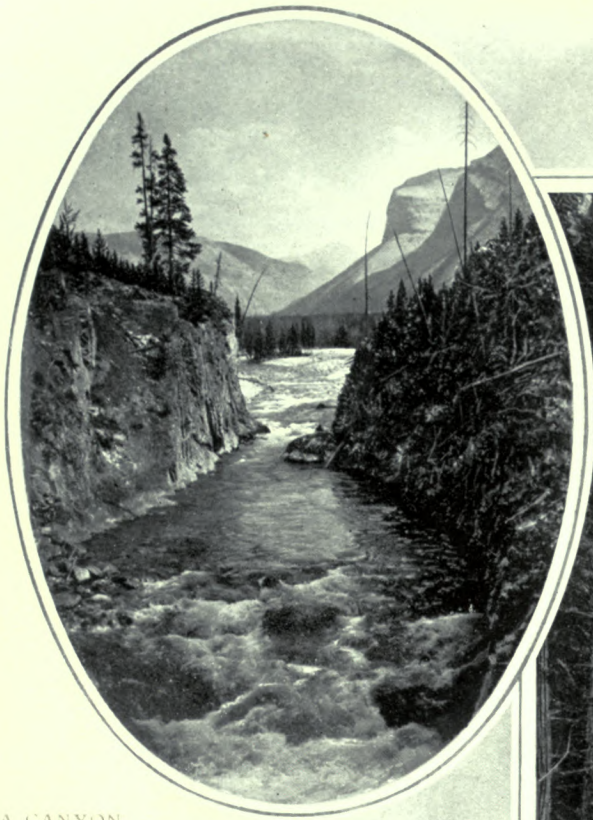
Your mind strays on, and you recall London, Birmingham, Glasgow and the great over-populated centres of the old country. You see hovels, tenements, flats teeming with unwholesome life, filth; whole families existing in one room, with rag-stuffed windows to admit the light and air and exclude the elements, and you say to yourself, it would indeed be well if they knew, well if they realized and could come where soberness, steadiness and the will to work, work hard, really hard, at the trade for which they receive poor pay, are only employed occasionally, or can perhaps, owing to pressure of population, competition and other causes, find no fair scope. From all accounts though it would seem (and the tale should be told) that to enter the country with a view to making a home there, youth, or comparative youth, a good constitution, and a calling, are positive and nearly absolute necessities. You are told in one place that a working saddler would be worth his weight in gold; in another, that no capable blacksmith is forthcoming; at a third, that bricklayers, carpenters, and stonemasons cannot be got. As for white servants of every sort, when to be had, they never go begging for one moment.

But to the restless traveller, the sportsman or the conscientious and inborn lover of Nature, with nothing to compel him to remain, the sight of the distant mountains "peeping from under their bed-clothes of snow" prohibit more than a brief stay in Calgary, though but for those peaks, the cheeriness and the clear, bracing atmosphere of the place would have a firmer hold. The chances are, therefore, that after the second or third day an early morning train is sought and the curves and reaches of the Bow River are watched and admired as you are borne through Keith and Cochrane, and you see the folds of green foothills upon which herds of horses are grazing, cattle above them at a higher altitude, and flocks of sheep upon the arched hill-tops. But as you plunge further into the hills and draw nearer to the mountains, less and less attention is paid to mere mundane things, though ranches are passed and saw-mills and coal mines seen. It would seem as though the naturally artistic and cultivated mind must derive the keenest pleasure from beautiful sights and wonderful scenery, and yet it would also seem that a love for and true delight in the things of Nature is inherent in the human race. For who can doubt or hesitate to sketch what would be the feelings of a train-load of poor ill-fed, uneducated, east-end Londoners, could they be transported to the mountains and see the rocky barriers, the sheer walls and misty precipices, the ramparts and fluted columns, the crags and spurs and snow-crowned summits of these silent giants? Would not their eyes gleam, their mouths open, and their tongues utter many and varied exclamations, and ask many questions!

How much more interesting, affecting, awe-inspiring and delightful should it be, then, to the maturer mind, upon which the good things of the earth have been lavished, and which is attuned and eager to understand and enjoy, is bent on losing no impression, of lingering over and retaining each sensation and idea. Truly the mountains go far to detach one from earth and to bear one nearer heaven, and when the strange voices



of the mountains speak, neither their sound or import will ever be forgotten. And why should it not well be that within that charmed and sublime silence, that awful solitude and profound peace and purity,—purity may have found a home, and may there abide always. Be that as it may, there can be little doubt that if a person be capable of wise and beautiful thoughts, the near presence of lofty heights and sublime scenery will stimulate and aid in their development.



A CANYON  
IN THE  
ROCKIES



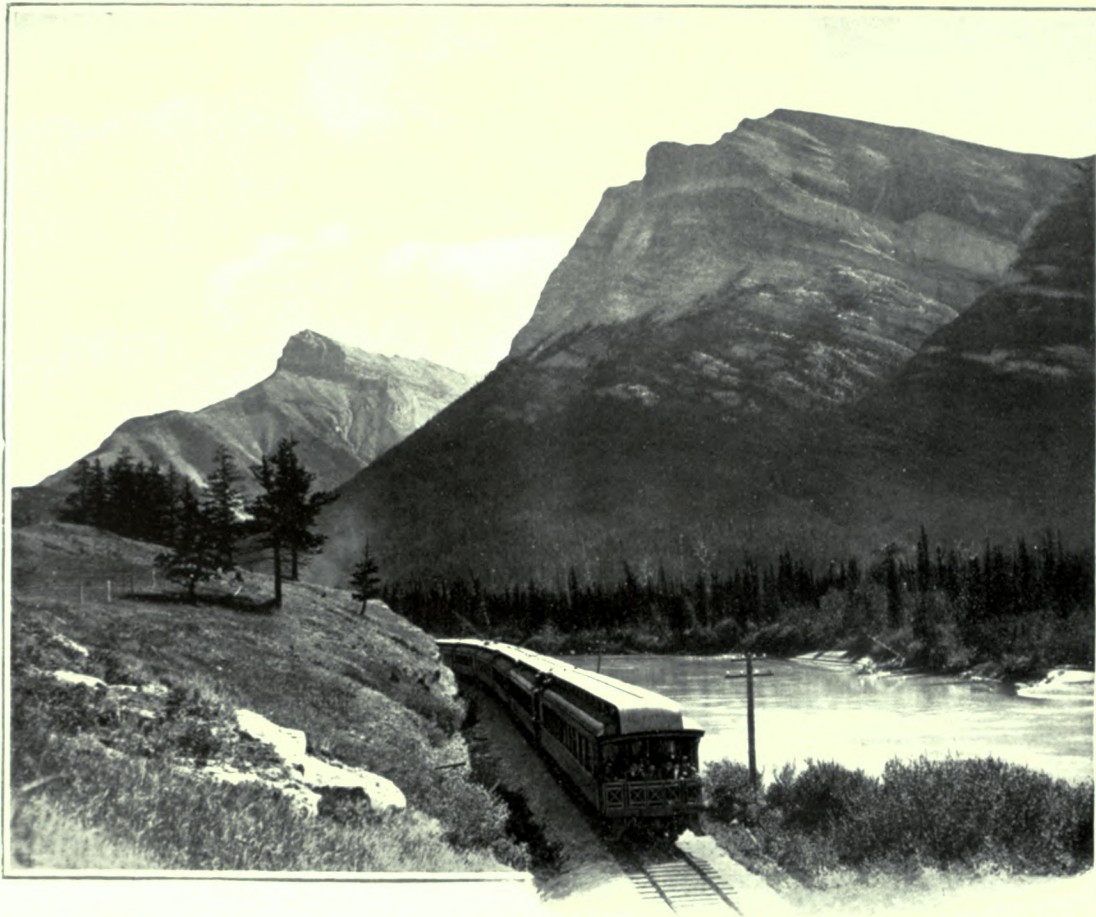
A CANYON

By the time Morley has been passed, which should be of interest because of its reservation of Stony Indians, Kananaskis and Exshaw left behind and The Gap reached, it will probably have dawned upon the minds of those people who have seen the French and German Alps and the great peaks of the Cordilleras, that the Rocky Mountains



are planned upon an immense scale; that such a vast amount of country is covered by them, that there are so many peaks, valleys and divides, and that although no one eminence may exceed in height or vast proportions the highest to be found in the ranges named, nothing seen before is like it, neither is there anything like it elsewhere.

At The Gap, where an altitude of 4,532 feet has been reached, the mountains appear immediately about you, and in ponderous masses apparently prevent any further advance. The snowy peaks pierce the blue sky, and the great rugged flanks are seamed



THE GAP  
ENTRANCE TO THE ROCKIES.  
C. P. RLY.

and painted with ever-changing lights and shadows of misty blue and purple, whitened silver or burnished gold. There are the roar of falls, and the plunging and tumbling of blue-green glacial streams.

With every glass levelled upon Pigeon Mountain upon the left, and upon Wind Mountain and the Three Sisters upon the same side, one is borne onwards amidst scarred and battlemented crags and rocky fantasies, at one moment representing the whole façade of some prodigious fortress pierced for guns and rifles, or machicolated, so



that stones, boiling oil or pitch could be poured upon the heads of the rash invaders—while next instant you can distinctly perceive line upon line of fortified heights with apparently but one impregnable entrance, a mere seam in the rent and torn stone but boasting a drawbridge and portcullis. On your other hand are monstrous snow-clad giants peering one above the other in dazzling array and mighty solidity, vying in producing tender lights and shadows and startling cloud and colour effects.

At Canmore you are momentarily reminded that such a thing as business exists, being advised of the near presence of extensive coal mines, but in a few seconds that is forgotten in admiration of a specially beautiful view of the Three Sisters, backed by the stately heads of the Wind and Pigeon Mountains. By tier upon tier of peaks and pinnacles in serried ranks, and by frowning walls, buttresses, spurs and crags you are begirt, until the ponderous mass of Cascade Mountain looms ahead, to be shortly succeeded by Mount Rundle with its seven striking peaks, after which the line swerves from the course of the Bow River and passes through the valley of the Cascade River, thereby confronting the huge body of Cascade Mountain, which, under certain atmospheric conditions, appears to be moving in all its solid bulk upon the advancing train, which in a little while is safely landing its passengers at Banff Station.

By nine out of ten people Banff would be considered the loveliest and most fortunately situated place in the Rockies. The Spray and Bow Rivers water it, Lake Minniwanka is only a few miles distant, while the confines of the splendid reservation of the Canadian National Park—the largest in the world—with its buffalo and other carefully preserved animals, is within a stone's throw from its centre; and for those who would enjoy themselves by boat, canoe or on horseback, by driving or on foot, new routes of unsurpassed loveliness may be found every day of the week. Unless compelled, no one would pass Banff by, and with their approved knowledge of mankind, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have made such a step all the more difficult and unnecessary, by erecting a charming hotel, where every comfort and luxury may be had, and where people with any time, taste and money, would most probably prefer to stay. There are hot sulphur springs possessing special curative properties, and every effort has been made to aid and develop the extraordinary natural advantages that exist for enjoying sport and pleasure and for obtaining health. To dilate aptly and thoroughly upon the surrounding mountain wonders, the flora and fauna, would require much time and study and the space of book or books; but there the place is, surrounded by such mountain giants as Inglismaldie, the heights of the Fairholme Range with Peechee, Cascade and Stoney Squaw Mountains, Mount Bougeau, Tunnel Mountain and Rundle Peak.



HOODOO,  
NEAR BANFF



But if you speak of mountain climbing to some people they will tell you that fools who risk their lives have themselves to thank and are not worth pitying. Why should they personally emulate such stupidity, as well as fatigue and bore themselves, by making their hearts beat faster. The flat is quite good enough for them. But as is admitted, there are always two sides to a question, and a point or so on the other side is that where people are possessed of fairly sound organs, to increase the action of the heart, to fill the lungs fairly and naturally with air, to induce the blood to course freely through



GENERAL VIEW OF BANFF

the body; and, speaking generally, to develop the muscles, is of the first advantage, and should be considered a necessity. If it were, nine out of ten of the leading physicians throughout the world would tell you that sickness would decrease, and consequently their incomes be vastly diminished.

Another idea also presents itself. If you would realize the beauty of a place and obtain a comprehensive notion of it geographically, see it from a height. History relates that Wolfe examined Quebec through his telescope from Point Levis. Depend upon it, he would have stood upon a lofty height had it been possible. If the fashionable world could look down upon Banff, say from Sulphur Mountain, there can be no possible doubt







that Switzerland and the French Alps, the Austrian Tyrol and other high and much frequented places, would be less crowded, and every hole or corner in an Alpine hotel would not be at its usual summer premium. If the fashionable world also had any idea of the place, a fair percentage at all events would see it with delight and would leave it rejuvenated. The club man, or, it is fair to suppose, any man possessing the true sporting instinct, would like to add to all the possibilities of Switzerland, the chance of a grizzly, and a good one at that, the certainty of brown or black bear, big-horn, moose, deer of various kinds, with first-class trout fishing thrown in.

But to describe Banff from the summit of the Sulphur Mountain, only 8,000 odd feet, and with a bridle path to that point that a child on his pony could negotiate, is quite another matter. Such a panorama cannot receive justice at the hand of a man's pen. It is too magnificent, too wonderful, too sublime. More than thirty huge peaks might be counted, and to describe the spurs beetling, fantastic, possessed of all shapes and colours—the word innumerable is the most apt. The Vermilion Lakes, Lake Minniwanka and the National Park are below and around you, and that same park covers the prodigious area of 5,732 square miles, and stretches through the valleys of the Bow, Spray, and Cascade Rivers. The fauna of the country, from the buffalo downwards, is preserved in it, and the famous Yellowstone Park in the States is only about half its size.

But the sun sinks, and so back over the rocks and down through those wondrous pines which clothe the great shoulders and flanks of the mountain, like huge inverted combs of soft green foliage, and where scarlet rose berries and brilliant lichens, sage, emerald and golden yellow are spread between the stems. Not a sound from the squirrels now, and the birds seem to be too tired or restless to talk to each other, so in silence one descends into the main street again. The Bow River flashes and sparkles over its falls, near where the Spray River joins it, and above and around tower the mountains, solemn, steadfast, slumbering as it were, amidst the snow and the silence.

Yes! a man should climb if he can; and should he do so he will never forget what it is and what it means to him, mentally, to see the great peaks slowly whitening as the sun bids them good-bye for a few hours; he will never forget what it is to see the shadows changing from palest blue to the depths of sapphire and indigo; he will never forget what it is to listen to the soft wind whispering through the pines. Though he may be tired he will go home a better man, and he will never forget.

One humorous incident occurred before leaving Banff for a further move westward. Two men, one short and the other tall, drove to the National Park to see the buffaloes, but since no good view could be obtained of a herd of five cows and two bulls seen grazing amongst long grass and scrub, they decided to climb the fence and approach them. All went well until within about 100 yards of them, when the largest of the bulls, an immense animal, pawed the ground angrily and emitted a loud bellowing "Bwf bwf." That was enough; off they both tore, but it was said that the little man's legs moved so fast that they could not be seen, and that he never stopped until he boarded a train that was, by good luck, in the station.





BOW RIVER  
AND  
GOAT MOUNTAIN



BOW RIVER  
AND  
MASSIVE RANGE



So keen was the feeling of regret at the prospect of leaving Banff, that the stay there was prolonged to the utmost ; but at length the inevitable moment arrived, and the call of "Westward Ho !" had to be obeyed. The wooded Bow Valley, with Mount Assiniboine to the southward, was passed, the Vermilion Lakes skirted and admired, and such peaks as Mounts Bougeau, Pilot, famous as a hunting landmark, Hole-in-the-wall, Castle, and Copper Mountains closed in about the track.



THE  
"THREE SISTERS"

All through this wonderful Province of Alberta one grand scene seems to outrival the other. You are satisfied that nothing can exceed the superb proportions and hoary splendour of Mount Temple, 11,626 feet, either in shape or apparent depth of its snowy coat, but the next distinctive pinnacle has as powerful an effect upon the mind, and you come to consider the one as magnificent and lovely as the other. It is useless and needless to attempt to make comparisons or to draw distinctions. Peak after peak with its perfections, and glacier after glacier with its riven fissures, its awful crevasses and its weird blue-green colouring, clinging like parasite, where it would seem a hold upon the solid



rock could best be obtained, fill the mind with awe and admiration, and when the eye drops naturally to the lower levels, wearied of gazing upwards, it is only to encounter other fresh and striking scenes. A yawning chasm is crossed, the bed of which is washed by a foaming torrent so many feet below that its turbulent waters seem but as a silver thread; within an instant a plunge into semi-darkness has been made, and the angled cedar beams of a mile or more of snow-shed hide the view, so stout, dovetailed and deftly bolted to the mountain side as to bid defiance to the unknown depths of snow



PARADISE VALLEY.  
LAGGAN

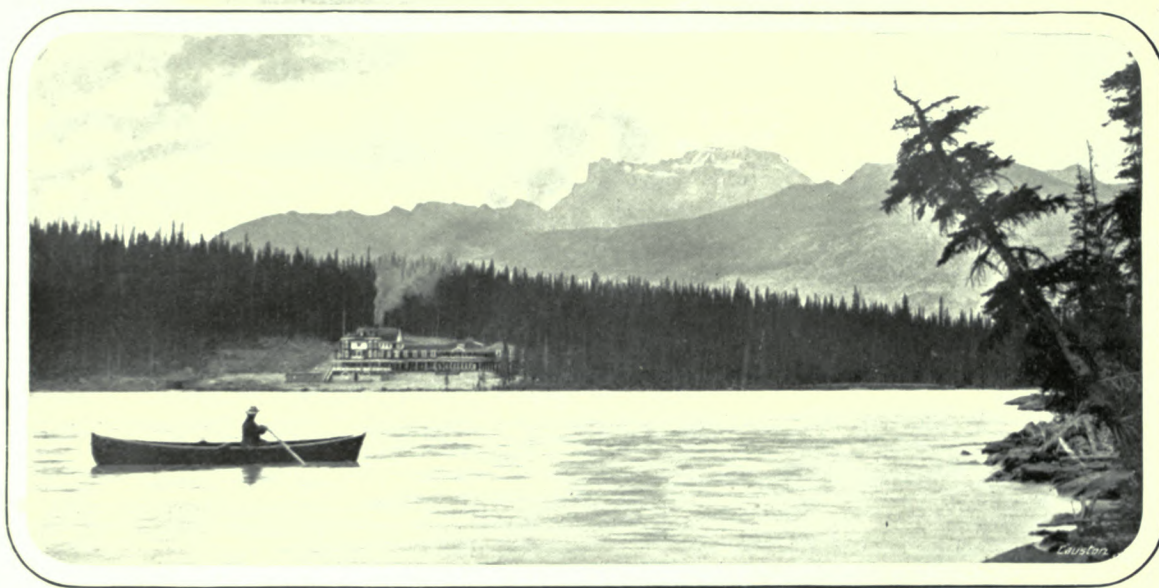
above, which, if loosened, would only slide from that slanting roof and thunder into the valley beneath.

At Laggan a set back of one hour in time occurs, so that the compulsory Pacific standard may be squared with. With Mount Daly in sight there is also a huge glacier seen, but to the northward, from much more famous glacial fields, three streams spring forth, joining in time three different oceans: the Columbia swells the Pacific, the Saskatchewan the Atlantic, and the Athabasca or Mackenzie adds its icy waters to the Arctic. From Laggan and the Château Hotel of Lake Louise so much may be seen, so many days spent healthily, but to the Lakes in the Clouds, because of their special



charms, one's steps are first directed. You may ride or drive, for carriages or ponies are at hand, or for those who would adventure stiff or dangerous climbs, a picked Alpine guide can be obtained.

To any true lover of Nature, anyone blessed with the power to appreciate and enjoy rugged grandeur, blended with placid and at times unruffled repose, the Lakes in the Clouds will appeal. Vast heights and depths, dense shadows, vivid lights and sylvan solitudes, beautiful and wonderful, are mirrored in those marvellous blue depths. On the shore of a lovely mountain tarn stands Lake Louise Château Hotel, the cosy and picturesque appearance of which will make you long to alter your plans and stay for many days beneath its roof, 5,670 feet above sea level, and with a good pony trail to Mirror Lake and Agnes Lake, a thousand feet higher. Such rare beauties as are to



LAKE LOUISE  
CHÂTEAU

be found at these and other lakes at hand, to wit, O'Hara, Moraine and others, must be seen to be in the vaguest sense or for an instant realized. Lake Louise itself has waters of pale emerald green, fed from an immense glacier that can be seen across the lake from the verandah of the hotel.

When the station of Stephen has been reached, the summit of the Rocky Mountains has been won, and its name, together with that of Mount Stephen ahead, will ever be remembered in connection with the Canadian Pacific's first President, having been styled in honour of him.

The interest and wonder of the Great Divide, thought of and talked of, arrives at this point, where a wooden arch marked with the words draws attention to the division



of a single stream into two bodies of water, the one flowing into Hudson Bay, the other descending with the flying train towards the Pacific. A rapid descent of the line follows, and Hector is left behind and the gorge of the Kicking Horse River is crossed. The track here passes in a series of wonderful loops through spiral tunnels which wind within the heart of the mountain, and finally emerge upon the most magnificent panorama that the mind can conceive. All this region from Banff to Revelstoke, embracing Laggan, Field, Golden, and Glacier House, is the home of the black bear and



THE GREAT  
DIVIDE

grizzly, the cougar or mountain lion, the big-horn, mountain goat, and other animals, and at any of these places it is easy to find trappers who have spent years in the wilds who know the habits of these animals intimately, and therefore where and how to find them.

But however enthusiastic you may have become over the glories of the Lakes in the Clouds, you will find yourself waxing quite as eloquent when you reach Field, and Mount Stephen, with its 10,450 feet of fluted, crenellated, and buttressed rock, towers above your head.



Before the advent of the Canadian Pacific such spots as these were vast wilds, never beheld and unknown save to the lonely trapper or Indian. Now a veritable Paradise may be found within walk or drive of the Mount Stephen House, the Canadian Pacific Hotel at Field; the wonders of vast glacial regions may be explored, and the enthusiast may wander in a world of ice or descend through pine-clad slopes into peaceful mountain dells, rivalled in beauty it may be in Europe, but probably unsurpassed throughout the world. In speaking of the Yoho Valley and of Emerald Lake, only seven miles from Field, it would be impossible to employ expressions too extravagant, or in using them, to do justice to the magnificence of the scenery, which at this point is, perhaps, the most beautiful to be found in the whole of the Rockies. From Emerald Lake Châlet parties of ten or twelve holiday makers may be seen each day in summer, riding on sure-footed ponies for the camps in the Yoho Valley, which the Canadian Pacific Railway maintains in praiseworthy effort to encourage the open-air life. From Golden, Lake Windermere and the beautiful and fruitful Columbia Valley may also be reached.

With the passage of endless peaks and ranges, and such places as Palliser, Golden, Donald, and Rogers Pass, the summit of the Selkirk Range is gained, yet still the great peaks heave in sight, almost countless, certainly bewildering in their perpetual appearance and snow-clad might. Mounts Tupper, Hermit, Cheops, and Sir Donald are the most familiar giants between the Selkirk Summit and Glacier House, where in addition there is the great glacier of the Selkirks.

Throughout this region also, not only are there hunting grounds for the enthusiastic lover of big game shooting, but the enthusiast of the mountain stream, where the spotted trout lurk, can be satisfied, as well as the learned botanist who may fill his case with rare specimens, and the geologist who will experience strange thrills and exciting moments, when hammer in hand he explores the various fossil beds. Long before Glacier House has been reached one has become quite accustomed to amazing sights; and no longer is even a momentary thrill of anxiety experienced as tremendous gorges are

crossed, chasms spanned, and mere ledges with sheer precipices of amazing depth traversed at comfortable speed. The only sensation left is one of wonderment that so many difficulties could ever have been encountered and successfully vanquished. With quite a lengthy stride thus made, it has probably long since occurred to one that the Rocky Mountains of Alberta are barren in their valleys and lower slopes compared with the Selkirks of British Columbia, and the eye



RETURNING FROM A  
MOOSE HUNT





FIELD AND  
MOUNT STEPHEN



KICKING HORSE  
CANYON  
NEAR FIELD, B.C.



rests with pleasure upon thickly-timbered slopes fresh and entrancing in their many shades of greens, bronzes, and deep sienna browns. Glimpses, too, are caught of brilliant touches of colour, where in some forest dell between the trunks of giant pines, cedars, and balsams, are bright-hued heaths, scarlet berries of the mountain ash, the seeds of the dog rose and the deep purple of elderberries, blueberries, and bilberries.

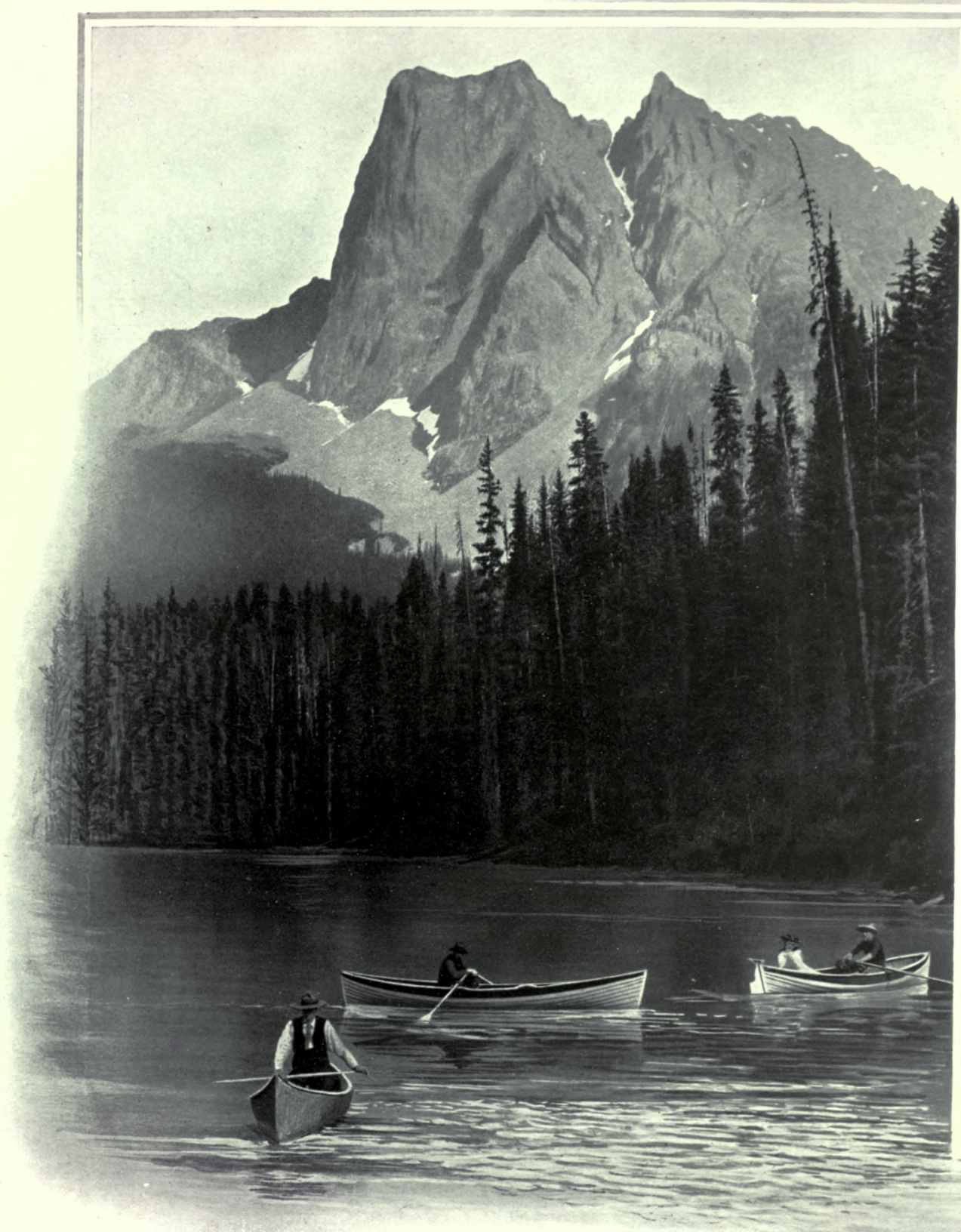
At Glacier House the half dozen words most frequently in use are Mount Sir



GLACIER HOUSE  
ON LINE OF  
C. P. RLY.

Donald and the Illecillewaet Glacier, and both are worthy of all the striking adjectives that can be strung together in eulogy of them. The apex of the pyramidal Mount Sir Donald towers above the surrounding valleys, which are clothed with foliage almost tropical in luxuriance, and gazes down upon them serenely, as though guarding them, whilst nearly 11,000 feet above them, to the left being the Uto, Eagle, Avalanche, and Macdonald Peaks; Rogers Pass and the Hermit Range, with its Swiss Peaks, being close at hand. As for the Illecillewaet, distant little more than a mile from the Glacier House Hotel, its fall of 4,500 feet of riven green and gleaming ice is but a part of a monster glacial field ten square miles in area.





EMERALD LAKE



To enumerate all the famous peaks in this district which are renowned in climbing annals, where the mountain goat and big-horn will be found to interest the sportsman, and all the glaciers where the lovers of ice and solitude may revel, or the valleys where the grizzly's beloved berries grow, might be a tiresome and would be a lengthy proceeding ; but that they may be seen in comfort and even luxury, the Canadian Pacific has built and decorated the Glacier House Hotel, where a good dinner and a game of billiards may be enjoyed after the healthy exercise of a long day's tramp.

Whilst staying at Glacier House Hotel the following simple testimony as to the sporting possibilities of the district was received from a trapper at Golden :—

“ Dear Sir,

“ A Mr.                      handed mee your address and requested mee to write you *re* hunting and canoe trips in this country now we sometimes travel by horse back and pack horses and some time by canoe it all depen on wher you want to go and what you want now we have Grizely Bear and black bear we generly use horses to go after them they are fairly plenty around here may is the best month for them then again in october bear hides is the best in may and june bear is the only game one is aloude to hunt in the spring other hunting season opens first of sept and is open for three months and a half we have mountain goat and sheep carbo and moose and deear and we have good trout fishing and as fine of mountain seantry as can be found in any country now if you think we have any thing that will suit you let mee now what it is and what you want and how you want it and I will try and suit you both in price and length of trip now if I have any thing to suit you I would like to hear from you as soon as possible I have lived in this country for 23 years and know a good deal of it now I can give you as long a trip as you want or as short a one hoping to hear from you soon as to what length of trip you want and what you will want in genarl and what you are willing to pay for same.

“ Yours turly etc.”



SIR DONALD  
SELKIRK RANGE





PENTICTON BENCH  
ORCHARDS  
(CHIEFLY PEACH TREES)



C. P. RLY.  
SMELTER TRAIL



KOOTENAY LAKE



S.S. ROSSLAND  
ON ARROW LAKE



While still on the confines of British Columbia, Canada's largest Province, with the prodigious area of 400 by 700 miles, some striking figures and facts should be considered. She proudly claims to enclose within her borders one-tenth of Canada's whole surface, to be as large as twenty-four Switzerlands, to embrace 200,000 square miles of mountains compared with Switzerland's sixteen, and to possess a coast line 7,000 miles in extent, which means about the distance of the double journey across the Continent, while the existing population stands at the meagre figure of 250,000 people. Then consider such industries as fishing, mining, and fruit growing. In the former she claims to lead all other Provinces, her splendid salmon rivers supplying seventy canneries with no less than 11,000,000 salmon, while her sea fisheries provide spawning and feeding grounds 30,000 miles in extent, and her total output in 1905 was 98½ million dollars. Her first discovery of gold was in 1858, and in 1905 the yield is stated to have been 5½ millions, while twenty silver lead mines are owned, in all producing a total mineral product value of 25¼ million dollars. Her first shipment of fruit occurred in 1894, but in 1905 5,000 tons were despatched, and in the same year she secured a first prize in the London market, and in 1906 possessed 2½ million apple trees. Many further prizes and gold medals have since been won, and now British Columbia has its National Red Apple Day, under the Presidency of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. Though many more technicalities suggest themselves, even a momentary consideration of such figures as these must surely add to the interest either of a protracted sojourn in the land or of a journey across it.

In the course of a few days' energetic tramping, pony riding, and an occasional brief return to the train, much had been seen and duly appreciated. Mounts Abbott, Eagle, and Sir Donald had been ascended, the Illecillewaet and Asulkan Glaciers visited, as well as the curious curves and turns of the line known as the loop, which enable the train to descend or ascend safely and rapidly.

The silver mines in the neighbourhood of Ross Creek had been talked about, as well as the newly-discovered cave on Cougar Creek, to which new roads are being constructed, and from which point also, down to the Columbia River, caribou may be found in sufficient numbers to satisfy the cravings of the most exacting sportsman. One had thundered through the abysmal chasm of Albert Canyon and paused at Revelstoke (the point of departure for the Arrow Lakes and the Kootenays), where if a stay be meditated the Hotel Revelstoke furnishes a comfortable abode. Below Revelstoke the beauties of the Columbia River, where, after its wide detour round the northern extremity of the Selkirks, it expands into the Arrow Lakes, had been admired, and the route to the mining regions by way of Arrow Lake and Nakusp had been discussed: the Canadian Pacific trains and lake steamers affording rapid transit to the Kootenay mining and fruit-growing country.

Then upon a certain exquisite morning one awoke to the fact that in the desire to push westward, Craigellachie (where the workers on the line from the West shook hands with those from the East, and drove the last spike in the completion of the line on November 7th, 1885) had been left behind, that the lovely sporting district of the



Shuswap Lakes had shared the same fate, which was one that almost overtook Kamloops, an old Hudson Bay post where the Thompson River effects a junction with the Columbia River, and near where steamboats and saw-mills are once more seen, and an Indian Reservation supplies its own special colouring and atmosphere of romance.

The soil of the surrounding district encourages agriculture, fruit farming, and stock raising; the bunch grass, which reminds one in colour and appearance of sage bushes, supplying excellent food for horses and cattle. In addition, Kamloops supplies its own gold and copper miners with food, as well as those who are working in the Nicola Valley to the southward, and boasts such modern appliances as electric lighting and water storage.

TWIN FALLS,  
NEAR FIELD



TAKAKKAW FALLS,  
NEAR FIELD



A short distance beyond Kamloops the Thompson River expands into a pleasant sheet of water known as Kamloops Lake, the line skirting its entire south shore, and soon afterwards a westward trend is made through the Thompson River Canyon, and in the near neighbourhood rich quicksilver mines exist.

Ashcroft is a typically thriving little town from which gold seekers start for the Cariboo and Omineca goldfields to the northward, so that laden mules and pack horses are constantly entering and leaving the place. Inland, on both sides of the river, the



country is best described as rolling, at a height above the water of sometimes 200 feet, the cliffs varying in colour, being sometimes brown, putty-coloured, and barren, and at others thickly clothed with firs, silver birch trees preferring to grow near the water's edge.

Within a softening and tender framework of deep blue distant hills, the mining, the cattle ranching, and the farming is pursued, the river eddying, foaming and flashing on its way towards the Pacific, reflecting every light and shadow and delicate shade of colouring from the passing clouds and arching belt of sky.



GOLD WASHING  
BEAVERMOUTH, B.C.

At the little mining town of Nicomen, beyond Drynoch, the first gold discovery was made in 1857, and beyond, the cliffs rise to a greater height, affecting strange hues of browns, madders, yellows, and even orange, while on some patch, bench, or terrace, corn or grass of vivid green is seen, mountains appearing behind, and snow-clad peaks penetrating the clouds.

The two rivers, the Thompson and the Fraser, which flow through such varied scenery, unite here, and from thence onwards the country again becomes magnificent and inspiring. The hills show signs of iron, copper, and coal croppings. There is a fruit farm across the river surrounded by poplar trees in full leaf, but golden to their summits, and for almost the first time since east of Winnipeg,



the glorious tints of the maple are seen, while the presence of freight trains in the sidings, remind one of the ease with which all products may be despatched to the best markets.

A group of Indian squaws squat on a railway platform clad in gaudy colours, and imperturbable Chinamen gaze upon the scene, straggle along a sun-dried road, or wash for gold at some smooth bend or bar, with Oriental patience or placidity. Curved and pointed canoes are seen drawn up on the bank or carrying their Indian owners bent on



ORCHARD  
SUMMERLAND B.

catching salmon. Never did silver birches bear such golden leaves, nor were poplars, full of foliage, so yellow to their rustling tops, while the brilliant scarlet berries of the mountain ash wave above the purple bilberries and blueberries, ferns and autumn flowers. As if to furnish another striking contrast, running as it does upon the opposite side of the river to that followed by the line, the old Government road may be traced. The work of the early sixties, it occasionally descends to the water's edge, from thence being slowly driven by obstacles upwards until at a height of 1,000 feet above the water it pursues its uneven way, propped and apparently held in its place by mere stakes driven into the earth.



Beginning twenty miles to the eastward of Yale and continuing until Yale itself is reached, the most remarkable river scenery throughout the whole route occurs. The Fraser in vast body is retained between tremendous walls of rock, much of which in huge boulders blocks the river bed, causing great swirls of rapid, broken water and foam. Above the high black rocks the foliage is luxuriant, varied and verdant, and amidst this density the train thunders on its way, now disappearing into deep tunnels and emerging again into bright sunshine, perhaps at some curve from whence the whole breadth of the splendid stream may be seen, with its towering cliff-like walls, its mighty reaches and rock-bound channels disappearing towards immense tree-clad heights, above which peep snow peaks, or pursuing its way more placidly towards a distant pale blue range of hills.

HARRISON  
HOT SPRINGS



Yale, at the head of navigation, from which ranchers once obtained their outfits, is most picturesquely situated in a mountain cleft hundreds of feet above the Fraser, and from the little platform where the train has stopped, and but a few yards distant, the church starts up, and about it many flowers are seen—dahlias, maroon, yellow, white, and crimson; a hawthorn, and the pink, crushed strawberry, crimson, and blood-red splashes of colour that could only be supplied by perfect specimens of the maple. From that point westward the heights confining the river slowly decrease in size and ruggedness, and gradually recede from the water, which widens and flows ever more smoothly in olive green eddying volume, until it emerges from a fruitful valley into wide, cultivated, plain-like land, where fruit farms and the houses of the thrifty agriculturists are found





SALMON CANNERY,  
ESQUIMALT

SALMON



HARBOUR  
AND STATION,  
VANCOUVER



A WHITE EMPRESS IN DOCK,  
VANCOUVER

LUMBERING AND  
SHIPPING DOCK



amidst browsing cattle, overshadowed by alders, silver birches, and a few oaks. Near Nicomen the splendid snow-clad cone of Mount Baker first appears, rose-tinted, with a pallid crescent moon of silver shining high above its 14,000 feet of altitude, the Fraser flowing deep, placid, and shimmering in its distances, or where ruffled by the wind rippling into blue and silver and a thousand sunset hues.

Nearing Burrard Inlet, with Vancouver so near, Mount Baker has become cold and white, the sunset's crimson colours still touching the hills, which have again started up and are now high, and gilding the stately Douglas pines, the cedars, larches, hemlock, and poplars, and above them fading upwards into paler shades of gold, yellow, aquamarine, and sapphire blue. On the high hillsides are always the eternal stems of the pines, twenty to forty feet in circumference, foliage-clad to their summits, or mere straight shafts where lightning or fire has done its work. Some of the distant slopes appear as though covered with huge gray needles, like the teeth of a comb turned upwards, where fires have seared them and where after that storms of wind, rain, and snow, aided by time and the purifying effects of the sunshine, have left a clean gray almost polished appearance. A range of snow-clad peaks, dense foliage, villages, mills, the tapering masts of sailing vessels, the squat funnels of ocean-going steamers with their red, green and white lights, are all mirrored in a land-girt stretch of placid sea, and the train stops in the railway station of Vancouver.

As a natural harbour and safe port, where many fleets might anchor without crowding, Vancouver possesses advantages which are not easy to equal. She is the railroad terminus of the Canadian Pacific system, and with her population of nearly 150,000 souls, her natural drainage, and facilities for obtaining a constant supply of fresh water, her wharves and warehouses, her churches, schools and hotels, her condition is already one of extreme prosperity.

It is almost incredible that prior to May, 1886, a forest covered the present site, and that in the following July a fire obliterated the efforts that had been made, leaving only a blackened waste with one solitary home standing. To-day the city is spread over a gentle slope facing Burrard Inlet, and extends across a neck of land to English Bay, the Cascade Mountains being to the north, the heights of Vancouver Island to the west, the Olympic Mountains to the south-west, and Mount Baker in solitary grandeur towering to the south-east.

To such magnificent surroundings and to those previously described add the fact that Vancouver is a port of departure for many important steamship services. You may go to China and Japan, to Australia *via* the Sandwich Islands and Fiji, to Puget Sound and Alaskan ports, and having travelled from Liverpool to Quebec, and from Quebec onwards under the agis of the Canadian Pacific, their hotel at Vancouver will be found to be without a serious rival, and as comfortable as the most exacting traveller could desire, while the White Empress Steamers, under the same flag, control the sea passage to Yokohama and Hong Kong *via* Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai.

Without question it may be said of Vancouver that her position, geographically, is Imperial to a degree, that her possibilities are enormous, and that with but a feeble stretch of imagination those possibilities might wisely be deemed certainties.





THE CATHEDRAL



THE SHADY DRIVE



STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER



SECOND BEACH



BIG TREE

FOREST GIANTS



To the south-west, near the Fraser, there is plenty of land suitable for farming and fruit growing, and the salmon canneries at the mouth of the Fraser are well worth seeing, while good sport may be had within a few hours' journey, bear, mountain goat, and deer being fairly plentiful, the word abundant being the best description of the trout fishing near at hand.

A practical interest may be taken in the life of Japan by a visit to the Japanese quarter, and John Chinaman may as readily be seen "at home." For those who would read the papers, play a game of bridge or billiards, or solace themselves with any phase of club life, the hospitality of the Vancouver Club will not be sought in vain, and when air and exercise is needed, apart from many other drives and walks, it would be difficult to find a more delightful spot than Stanley Park, where a zoologist may see some

S.S. "PRINCESS VICTORIA"  
ON THE VANCOUVER  
AND VICTORIA SERVICE



specimens of the buffalo and other animals, and where true lovers of Nature must experience supreme pleasure. They will be amazed at the height and circumference of the huge Douglas pines and splendid cedars, and charmed with the variety, colouring and luxuriance of the smaller trees, of the ferns, mosses, and lichens, and they may wander for hours over cool green swards amidst dense thickets of semi-tropical foliage, where the sun at noonday scarcely penetrates; or should more open spaces and frequented roads with charming views be looked for, they are there, with rocks, the calm clear sea, landlocked and peaceful, upon which float ships of war and ocean liners, side by side with white-sailed yachts of every size and rig.

In the natural order of things, if restlessness, the desire to travel and to see everything, did not produce the wish to spend a few hours on the water and to see Victoria, the knowledge that Victoria is the Capital of British Columbia would be a sufficient incentive, and so one would stroll down to the quay and board the spick-and-span "Princess Victoria," capable, with her sister ships, of steaming a good twenty-one knots an hour.



Arriving at Vancouver, as one does when coming from the eastward, Victoria is apt to be forgotten for a while, the division of the water journey onwards being no doubt the cause ; but such lethargy is generally of the very briefest duration, for so much is said about her, and her thriving and enterprising population of near upon 50,000 souls, that a journey there must quickly be undertaken.

Clouds of gulls whirled and croaked and fought for food as through the oily water, unstirred by wind, but lighted by warm sunshine, the good ship "Princess Victoria" slipped from the quay and slowly gathered way, shaping a course for Victoria, upon her charming little voyage through a semi land-girt sea, studded with endless rocks and fir-clad islands. That nasty weather can be encountered between those same wooded islands, coupled with fog, the chief terror of the



PARLIAMENT  
BUILDINGS,  
VICTORIA, B. C.

mariner's adventurous life, is not a matter for conjecture, but one of actual fact. Such dangers and discomforts are, however, rare, and in nine cases out of ten it may safely be said that the brief voyage is accomplished in a pleasant temperature, which throughout the year is characteristic of Victoria itself, and through seas of summer smoothness ; specimens of the largest fish that swims—the whale—being often seen to play and spout quite near the steamer. You may be gazing over sapphire waves, dappled with the pallid beams of a watery sunset or crimsoned with rays known as the "shepherd's warning," when all at once a jet of water is spouted straight aloft, repeated at intervals again and again, and at greater distances, appearing like puffs of vapour or smoke, and an old whaling man, were he on whaling bent, would at once shout out, to him, the familiar cry of "There she spouts !"



And so you progress amongst those delightful islands; you become interested in watching them heave in sight, change in shape, and present to your fancy ideal spaces for summer homes, where perfect quiet, the freshest air, and pleasant sport may be enjoyed. Then at last, like all things—and, alas! like all good things, much too soon—the voyage is at an end, and you are ashore greeting expectant friends or rumbling to your lodgings in the chosen hotel 'bus or cab, already impressed with the English-like aspect of streets, shops, and the majority of the people; would you, however, having made your arrangements and settled down for a spell, exchange things English, with its accompanying atmosphere, for a brief breath of the Orient, China Town is at hand, and you may see fearsome condiments and inhale strange odours while watching the placid-faced, almond-eyed people who have strayed so far from their home, the land of the Vermilion Pencil.

To speak of the geographical position of Victoria in simple terms, it should be said that it occupies the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, and looks upon the straits of Juan de Fuca, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Georgia, while from it may also be had lovely views of the Olympic Mountains away to the eastward, with the white cone of Mount Baker still prominent and still magnificent.

In fair and unbiassed consideration of Victoria's business advantages, it would seem well to draw attention to the fact that much trade is done with the Yukon, that for seventy-eight miles the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway opens up a fruit-growing and mixed farming country, and gives access to the important coal mines of Nanaimo; that good shooting and fishing are to be had; and that owing to ocean-going facilities a man may sail as readily to China, Japan, Puget Sound or Southern California, from Victoria, as from Vancouver.

There are stately public buildings and a no less stately hotel, the "Empress," owned and recently opened by the Canadian Pacific, the comforts and even splendour of which should be seen to be credited; there are shady streets and endless villas, interspersed with the larger and more palatial homes of the wealthier minority, Victoria being much in vogue as a place of permanent abode for those who in any of the nearer Provinces have been fortunate enough to have "made their pile" and so to have "retired." So, too, there is the Beacon Hill Park, which is a happy combination of the ornamental and naturally beautiful; and, finally, if in the desire to know and to examine into the affairs of business a man has had a tiring day, let him be driven by friends to Oak Bay, and when there solace himself with a round on the golf links or a quiet saunter amidst charming scenes, where he may hear the music of the waves breaking gently upon sandy beach and weed-clad rocks, and where he may gaze over calm blue stretches of sun-gilt ocean, and listen to the voices of the sea birds.

With the relentless pursuer, Time, dogging one's footsteps, although days and weeks could have been spent in and around Victoria with delight and improvement alike to mind and body, there came the moment when regret at the prospect of leaving and the silent longing to remain, had to be stifled, and a resolute appeal made to the steamship booking clerk for a date of sailing and for a state-room. At length, too,





EMPRESS HOTEL,  
VICTORIA, B.C.



PALM HOUSE,  
EMPRESS HOTEL.



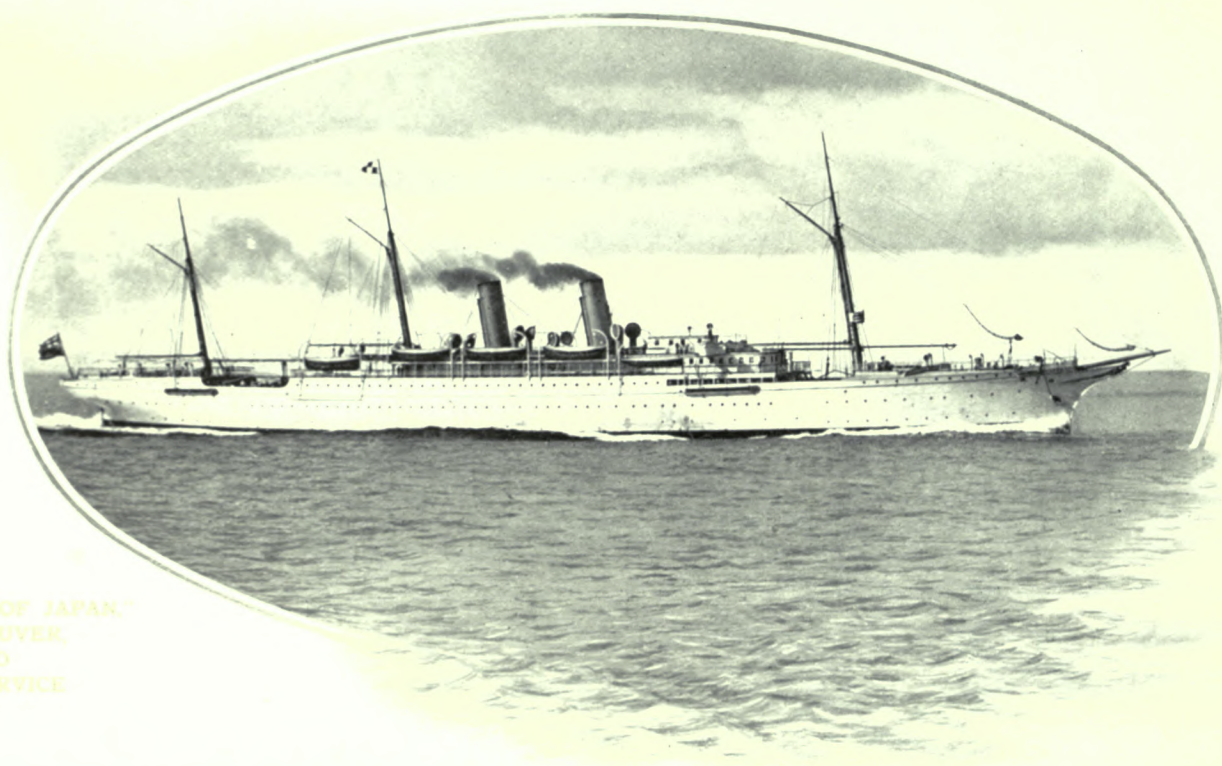
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,  
VICTORIA



farewells had to be said, and one's new floating home taken possession of, not to be vacated until a landing was made upon the green shore of Japan. The ship chosen for this further journey was appropriately enough the "Empress of Japan," of 6,000 tons burthen, 10,000 horse-power, and a reputed turn of speed of 16 knots.

When the new 18 knot, 15,000 ton steamers are afloat, they will cross the Pacific in eight days; they will carry 200 first, 100 second, and 800 third class passengers; and with new steamers also on the Atlantic, people will be able to travel from Liverpool to Yokohama in 17 days.

To the careful and interested observer, who may be an old and seasoned traveller in other hemispheres, there are many distinct differences noticeable between this voyage of 4,300 miles to the Far East, and any number of journeys across the "herring pond."



SS. "EMPRESS OF JAPAN,"  
ON THE VANCOUVER,  
YOKOHAMA AND  
HONG KONG SERVICE

The greenhorn element is not nearly so apparent, the young gentleman who set forth from London feeling himself to be more or less of a hero, having had at such a point of his journey some of the angles rounded, and in place of them, unconsciously perhaps, affected a certain *je ne sais quoi*. In short, an old salt would describe the male passengers briefly as either "old stagers" or "hard cases."

As a type, you will see a lean, strongly-built man of medium height, broad shouldered and, say, fifty years of age, dressed in a pepper-and-salt suit that looks as though he had worn it always, his cap and his boots are unostentatious, while his face is a study in well-tanned and wrinkled leather, from which a pair of keen blue eyes peep cutely out upon the world.



Then there is your tall, thin, loosely-jointed individual, large featured, clean shaven, and plain of appearance, not to say ugly, flashy in his dress and loud of voice, but a "hard case" like the other, for when the stout steel frame of the ship quivers from stem to stern, and she bounds and wallows like a huge fish, when great green seas thunder on the deck, and the dinner things on the saloon table laugh at the fiddles, he will be found in the smoke-room or at the card-table, telling an amusing yarn, or holding his own at a game of bridge, but always in the best of health, seldom without a whisky-and-soda handy, and never, except at meals, without a strong cigar. Now if he, like the gentleman in the pepper-and-salt rig, were to describe his calling, ten to one it would be that of merchant. Well, on the "Empress of Japan" there were many such merchants, men who dealt in teak, pearls, and other precious stones, in cutch, jute, linseed, and shellac, and who were materially responsible for the mercantile output of such ports as Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, and who knew every club and hotel worth knowing from Colombo to Yokohama. In addition there were tea, coffee, and indigo planters, a sprinkling of Europeans in Chinese pay, and two or three important Government officials.

Many of the lady passengers, too, were of the travelled or "old stager" type, and were by no means crossing the line "for the first time." In fact, despite the number of Celestials going "steerage," the same old salt might have graphically described the "Empress of Japan" as a "heavy weather ship."

All these signs and symptoms were soon to be verified, for fate had decreed that we were to get a "slight dusting" early in the day, and that, within forty-eight hours out from Victoria, we were to be treated to a beam sea, during which the "old stager" element became apparent, the muster for breakfast, tiffin, and dinner being healthy in the extreme, in spite of the festooned life-line preventing one and one's deck chair from flying into the scuppers, and putting an effectual stoppage to much exercise.

If such things could happen amidst first-class passenger comforts, roomy, luxuriantly furnished cabins, and every conceivable modern improvement, the condition of the "steerage" baffles imagination. That it was kept in a sanitary condition one could not doubt, for the peculiar ways of the "heathen Chinese" are so well known and understood, and John Chinaman having come





aboard, had promptly burnt his little gilded joss papers as his best and only bid for a safe and prosperous voyage, and had then gone below with his brother Celestials in their scores, there to play fantan or smoke their little bamboo pipes.

Under the conditions described, imagine the joy of the whole ship's company when they became alive to the fact that really fine weather had set in, and might reasonably be expected for some time, since the Equatorial line was soon to be crossed, and the descent from the 180th meridian from the West to the East begun.

Thin clothing was hunted up, overhauled and donned, wonderful blazers and Panama hats appeared, and those who were lucky enough to possess them, turned up in immaculate suits of satin jean and snowy white drill. The deck was chalked for quoits, and deck golf, cricket, ring the pin, and diabolo became the order of the day.

The very next morning the *menu* bore the words "Antipodes Day," which meant that we had reached the 180th meridian and had "hove a day overboard" in "order to square the ship's time with that of the sun whose course we had been diurnally overrunning." Had we been going from the East to the West instead of from the West to the East, we should have made or doubled a day. The general enthusiasm became so marked that it even communicated itself to the "boy" who looked after one (all servants are called "boys" in the East, as in Africa and elsewhere, just as lunch becomes tiffin), and upon awakening on the second gorgeous morning, my pig-tailed "special," arrayed in his little cap and blue and-white blouse, informed me that "No affraid ddown now, no makee rain, sun plenty shine, plenty game play, plenty walkee and muchee plenty smokee topside ship." Of course there was no remaining in one's berth after such a quaint and polite reminder of the many joys in store. And in truth those early mornings, when, coffee cup in hand, one watched "The great bows dip, the stern uprear," both movements being scarcely perceptible, as the sun dappled the azure waves and the systolē and diastolē of the ship's metal heart beat rhythmically, were mornings to be remembered always and parted with, as were the only too short days, grudgingly.

It is possible to live one of two distinct lives on board a ship. You may enter into all or any of the games in progress, and become a prime mover in arranging the athletic sports, the fancy dress ball or the more unpretentious "evening hop," the sweep on the day's run may become a thing of interest entirely out of all proportion, and the cocktail at the shooting of the sun, when some good soul proposes to "make it so," may never once be missed, and then—I won't say then only, but then you will probably be a general favourite and dubbed a jolly good fellow. But should those pleasant frivolities and means of killing time be out of your line, or should you not be physically or mentally up to it, you may enter upon a deliciously restful period which even the loquacious and empty-headed person will after a time cease to interfere with, once having recognized that you are unostentatiously absorbed. How you live the day is very much in your own hands, but no other kind of journey is calculated to refresh and strengthen the physically or mentally wearied better than a deep-sea voyage.

Having shown how frowns could result in unpleasant realities, the face of the immensity of sea was indeed wreathed with smiles, as though the word had passed to



justify beyond all doubt the name Pacific, so called by Magellan, who discovered it. The possible and natural feeling of awe at having entered upon this, one of the longest, as it is probably the loneliest of journeys undertaken by passenger steamers, had long since fled. Of sign of ship there was none, and neither were they looked for or expected by those whose knowledge told them that vessels in search of seal or walrus, grain or lumber, were far to the northward, and that those in quest of the sperm whale were amongst the lonely atolls and surf-beaten coral reefs as far to the southward.



NANKO TEMPLE  
KOBE

*Photo. A. Farsari & Co., Yokohama*

In a blaze of crimson glory the sun arose, the sky paling as the light and heat increased, and in splendour was the darkness heralded, the sea throughout the transit of the fiery but life-giving orb being of a colour too superlatively blue for words to tell of it. Into such an immensity of space perhaps the very birds hesitate to plunge, gulls and the white-winged albatross never being seen, as off the Cape or Lonely Horn. In groups, as though in search of company, the pearl-white shells of the nautilus, or Portuguese men-o'-war, sail before the wind and navigate the trackless wastes, the tiny dark-plumed sea swallow skims the wave, and the green and purple bodies of dolphin and albacore flash through the water, tireless in their pursuit of clouds of crystal-winged



flying fish that rise, and fly, and sink, only to seek the air again in effort to escape their swiftly swimming enemies. Other than that no sign of life is seen.

If our passage through that trackless waste, that amazing space, occasioned any surprise, fear or injury to its strange denizens, probably it was forgotten as quickly as the water replaced itself after our passage through it, the beat of the screws, and that movement, leaving a broad green swirling foam-flecked wake, in colour much like a glacial torrent which, as you watched, slowly resumed its sapphire hue. On leaning over the rail and gazing into the oft-times fathomless and always inscrutable face of the waters, these thoughts presented themselves :

In all thy varying moods strangely sublime,  
Of all things earthly undismayed or changed by time,  
Borrowing thy hues from delicate and brilliant plants,  
From depths and shallows and from the sun,  
Unchanged by Time thou still liv'st on.  
The face of human form may hide a fertile brain,  
Thy face hides gardens wondrous in hue,  
With rocks and caves and life, beautiful, unknown,  
Unchanged by Time thou still liv'st on.  
Think of the love and hate thou hast embraced,  
Think of the wealth and poverty thine arms enfold,  
Till God Himself shall call thee to account,  
Thou shalt live on.

And so the restfulness and the indescribable peace of those quiet days continued, and there was no hurry and scurry, no business pressure to necessitate the dictation of letters, the despatching of telegrams, telephone messages, and the thousand-and-one details that in these days of speed are surely apt to age people prematurely, but which nevertheless have to be attended to ashore. The even tenor of the day brought at the usual time the soft knock on the panel of my door and the appearance of my placid-faced servitor, who never failed in his assurance "That sun sine alight. Plenty walkee topside ship." Then would follow the coffee on deck, that was so refreshing in that matchless air, the bath and leisurely toilette, the trooping into breakfast, the interchange of salutations right and left, the listening to amusing tales or gossip, after which would come the read and smoke and a game of quoits perhaps.

With such a destination ahead as the Land of the Chrysanthemum and of the Dragon Throne, the land of strange ability and original art, of courage and of vigour and yet of old world politeness, it was not to be wondered at that conversations, discussions, and opinions tended towards it, and that individual interest grew, as the hour for sighting the Satsuma light approached. Books of all kinds had long since been read, so that there was a tendency to be steeped in the lore of the land.

At length came the streak of dawn when the great white cone of Fujiyama loomed aloft in a sky of cloudless blue, Cape King was sighted and the inlet with its verdant hills and toy-like houses threaded, until we swung to anchor off the lightship of Yokohama breakwater. We had reached Japan.



Standing as Yokohama does upon the shore of Mississippi Bay, between two ranges of hills which protect its flanks, it must at all times and seasons present a striking spectacle; but with the sunlight gilding the shipping of every nationality, sailing vessels, steamers, and men-of-war, with innumerable sampans sculling in all directions, with the quaint and strange shaped sails of junks and fishing boats, each under those bright rays lending its specially distinct and artistic touch of colour, the scene is not one to be readily forgotten.



YOKOHAMA



JAPANESE JUNKS

Apart from the subtle atmosphere of the East, of which one is conscious, the sampans and their owners swarming round the gangway strike the first truly Japanese note.

The flowing and graceful kimonos are there, and short, wide-skirted dresses upon which are curious blue and red hieroglyphics, a blue-and-white cloth in some cases tightly encircling the forehead, while upon other figures little can be seen other than Nature and the sun and wind have supplied.

All haste to go ashore is politely but firmly ignored until the usual formalities have been complied with and a clean bill of health granted; then the launch is requisitioned and off you go, bag and baggage, not sorry to be safe and sound after your voyage of 4,300 odd miles, and to step ashore in "The Land of Gentle Manners."

Upon arriving in a tropical country the hum of insect life, and the cluc-cluc



of the bull frogs and lizards, will be sure to attract attention; when you land in Japan, if it should so happen that rain has fallen, you will notice the clatter of the geta or clogs worn on wet days, you will see the sand of the road covered with a multiplicity of strange lines made by them, and you will wonder—but then you are in the Land of Wonders: you are in Japan.

You are encircled by what, if asked to describe them instantly, you might well call glorified perambulators, and you engage one, with difficulty stifling the desire to scream with laughing, and you are trundled off for your first jinricksha ride by the funniest looking little fellow in all the world, dressed in black tights and wearing a basin-shaped white hat. Before you have reached your hotel upon the Bund, either the Grand, Oriental, or Club, you will have noticed that the funny little fellow has a red-and-blue blanket across his shoulders, and that his name and number are painted on his back. Then you subside placidly in your seat, though you still want to chuckle. Presently it may be that you are rather oppressed because it has dawned upon you that the buildings, the banks, shipping offices, and shops are gray and substantial-looking, borrowing nothing from the East, but telling of the West and of Europe.

The cry heard upon all sides of late that Japan is rapidly becoming Europeanised is true, up to a point, but that point is still a very fine one.

Japan will utilize and absorb as much of the West and its methods as will assist her in fulfilling her destiny, but the Asiatic will remain the Asiatic always.

The life of the people and their methods of thought will remain as unchanged as the placid countenance of the Dai Butsu, the great bronze statue of Buddha, seen at Kamakura and at Kobe-Hiogo; as an illustration, cross but a small creek in Yokohama, spanned by an iron bridge, and Europe, the near presence of which you were regretting, has vanished.

Walk down those narrow streets, so like one another that it would seem ridiculously easy to lose yourself. Look at the low brown wooden houses with their gray roofs and curious signs, standing like the doll's house of one's childhood, open, so that the interior may be seen, until the owner shall close the shoji or screens of paper, and the outer screens of wood, when, but for providential draughts through chinks, splits, or knots, it will become as airtight as a drum.

Look at the shopkeepers squatting among their wares, clad in blue robes, with the placid, inscrutable faces of the East, not of the West, all chatting in low tones and all smiling, apparently with simple pleasure and the joy of living and being allowed to live. It is as though they had come to life only to be amused, and, therefore, could not be induced to raise their voices or to become angry. Even the babies, artistically but quite safely slung in folds of the kimono, smile and coo softly, and will treat you to the most decorous bow upon the slightest provocation, while the children play their childish games of ball or fly their kites, under the very noses of the policemen, unrestrained, the friends and pets of everyone, for the policeman enters placidly into their amusements to all appearances, and is as happy to be alive as they are.



Here and there there is poverty in sight no doubt, but there is no shouting, no coarse language, no bands of hooligans, and no noise much louder than that made by the reed pipe of the Amma or shampooer, who, because he is stone blind, thus indicates his presence and his desire to follow his calling and to alleviate the pain of sufferers from rheumatism and other such ills.

Strolling along the Benten Dori, figures that were last seen gilding a lacquered tea tray or deftly indicated upon a fan or glove box passed and repassed demurely before one. There was the same straight hair, too black to be described as jet, and



A FARMHOUSE

too smooth for a single glossy thread to be out of place, while embroidered upon the pale dove-coloured kimono were the identical storks, with the obi, or wide sash of grey and gold, puffed and tied behind in wonderful bows.

At a certain well-known curio seller's shop upon the Bund were displayed marvellous and precious specimens of Cloisonné work and real Satsuma, to have obtained certain choice pieces of which many hundred guineas must have changed hands.

In due course little cups of yellow tea were enjoyed at the tea-house known as the "Abode of the Wistaria," situated near the highest of the "101" steps, and from



thence, with extremely good fortune, Fugi-San, the "Lady of Mountains," was again beheld. Perhaps one has delayed speaking of Fugi-San because it has been so often spoken of, so often portrayed. It might safely be said that under its several names it is the best known mountain in the world, few rare or even common pieces of Japanese



FUJITAMA FROM  
OMIYA VILLAGE

art being without a representation of it in some shape or form. However, there the mighty cone was, springing from the plain in which it stands in all its stately proportions, the clouds curling away from its summit, towering 12,300 odd feet above the slumbering Pacific. Who shall speak fitly of those dazzling opalescent hues which seem to linger



tenderly about its stately head, or paint with words the lights and shadows as the wind sweeps the light filmy cumuli around it, and the sun at evening time streams through the crystal atmosphere and gilds its massive flanks. Well does it merit the gentle name of the "Lady of Mountains," and no wonder that the Japanese ascribe many and strange influences to its presence. The atmosphere of their mystic art, the sensitiveness and exquisite colouring of it, is surely taught, in a measure, by the silent and indescribable teaching of Fugi-San.

As for the extremely practical side of the picture, may it not indeed be found upon these famous mountain slopes, where a thousand plants and vegetables grow, and where it may safely be said that no suitable space is left uncultivated? There you will find, luxurious in growth, the paper plant; and as you descend, in varying greens, on either hand, millet, tobacco, tea, and rice, with much else of interest and profit, at least intellectually, to the agriculturist, botanist, tourist and lover of Nature.

But the little paper lanterns have been lighted and shine like glow-worms about us and in the bay beneath; so the last cup of tea was sipped, the last little brass pipe smoked, and the last farewell said to O Take San, the bright and charming lady of the establishment, and then—Oh! descent from pathos to bathos, from the intrinsically sublime but not to the admittedly ridiculous, rather to the supremely comfortable—the American hotel was sought and the ways and workings of the French *chef* there carefully considered; for the butterfly food indulged in could do little to support and sustain the longing to see the Temples at Kamakura, or the Goddess Benten on the lovely Island of Enoshima.

To go without a guide of any sort, to find your own way, and to see and think without any suggestion being made by anyone as to what you should look upon and how you should consider it, is the best way to see Enoshima.

But in any case, the rice fields, seen for the first time, with the sun streaming through the clear atmosphere, will seem garishly green, and the sand of the beach strangely white, as the great emerald and pearl rollers of the Pacific curl and thunder upon it in glittering masses, sighing as they recede until again their stately heads are reared and they fall and recoil in rhythmic melody.

Once at Enoshima, little shops, endless gaudy signs, and many curios of





the sea will be found, all "honourably cheap" and all as fascinating as the near presence of the time-worn Shinto Temple, with its quaint torii and peaceful surroundings.

Near by, at Kamakura, the romantic and imaginative mind will find material in abundance—measure pressed down and overflowing; for was not Kamakura once the chief city and ancient capital of the country, the place of civil and military power, of princely nobles, and eager, ambitious, and unscrupulous retainers?

Splendid palaces stood where now there are but emerald glades and softly rolling hills and valleys, and the green of the rice fields is found where once were the homes of the workers in bronze, in lacquer, or in gold. The low laugh of the musumë is no longer heard, and the geisha will charm and dance no more, but instead is the soft cooing of doves and the wind sighing amidst the stems and branches of the stately cryptomerias, which in groves and avenues decorate the approaches of the ancient Temple of Hachiman—God of War.

And then, too, it would be almost inconceivable that the great Temple of Kwannon—Goddess of Mercy, known as Hasedera—should be passed by unviewed, unvisited. There through darkness you will pass into a weird light, amidst the gloom of which a golden figure, colossal in size, will appear and gaze upon you in impressive silence, and then, after a while, you will pass from beneath the shadow of the heavy-curving gray-tiled roofs into the lighter shade of the clustering trees, amidst which you will gaze and wander, full of quiet delight and gentle thought, your footsteps bearing you, should the season be propitious, towards a sight you may have dimly realized but will assuredly never forget—a mass of the sacred lotuses upon which Buddha, is said to sit, their large pale green leaves supporting and protecting from all harm great curving petals, white and pink, shining and opalescent. Marvellous things, drawing food apparently from nothing, for no water is visible, yet according to the Buddhist text thriving in hidden mire, for it is written, "Like a lotus in the mire, so is the righteous man in an evil world."

With difficulty, and with a mind full of poetic tenderness, you bid farewell to those great glorious blossoms, slumbering beneath the moon that has slowly risen, and the stars that are each instant flashing more brightly as the gloom gathers; and full of the peace and of the immensity of things, supremely conscious of and thankful for the pleasure of living, you wander back along the milk-white beach, the great waves as they roll and topple in glittering ridges, whispering as they rush swiftly to your very feet for ever—  
for ever—for ever.

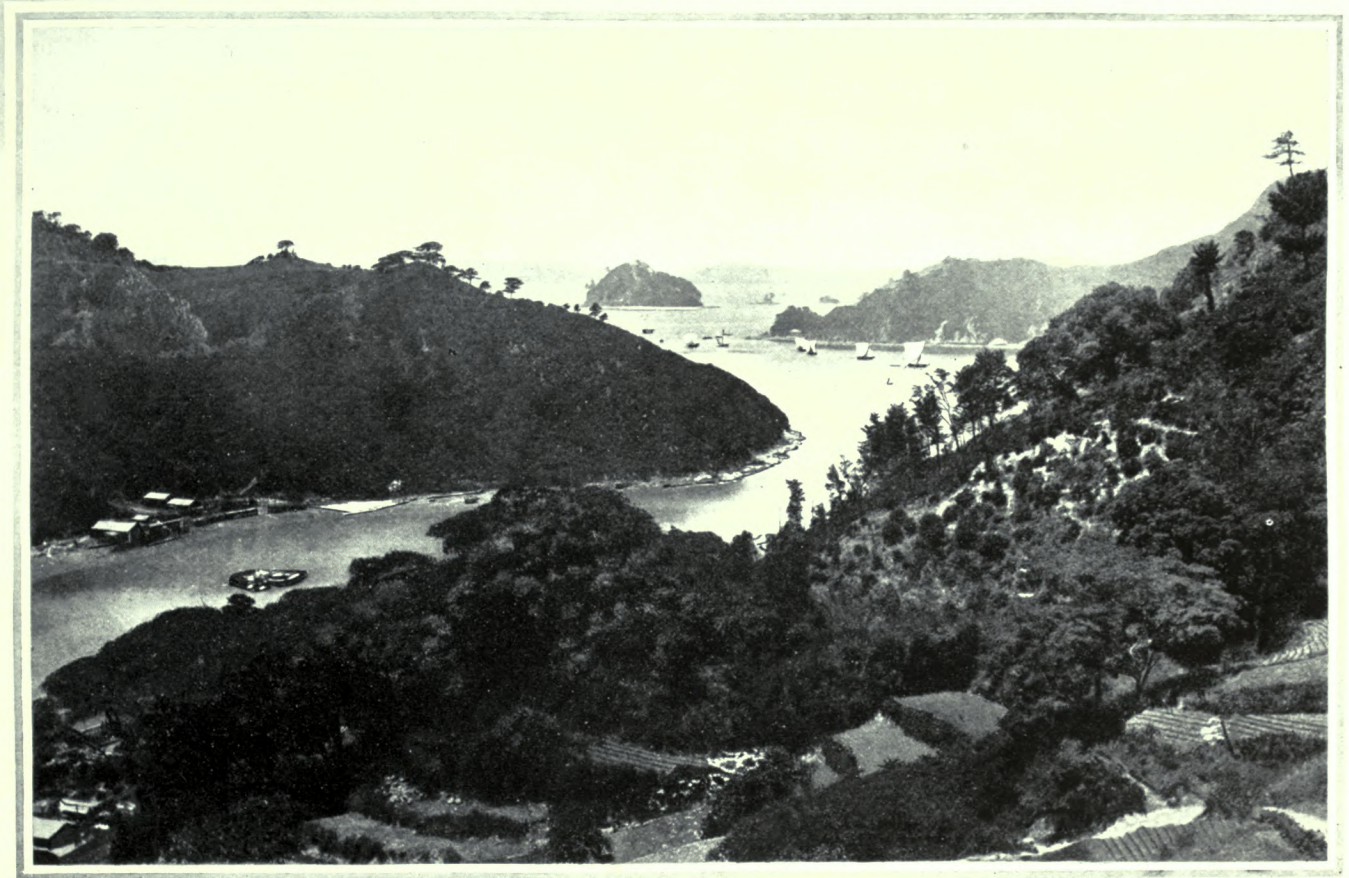
Then, again, you are amidst the endless rows of brown-walled, gray-roofed houses, the tongues of every nation ring in your ears, the quaint, gay signs stream in the wind, and the gayer lanterns pour varied rays of tenderness and brilliancy upon the swaying, laughing, bowing, most brightly clad, and for a crowd, the most polite upon earth.

Despite the fact, however, that in and around Yokohama many a delightful day might be spent, days that might melt into weeks ere the sunny hours hang heavily on hand, it is not in the nature of things that one's ears should be deaf to the hum of the



more densely populated capital city of Tokio—distant but eighteen miles or so, though the curving railway track may measure greater lengths. So you betake yourself to the train, and as you pass by such places, to give an English rendering of the words, as “The Metal River,” “The Place to see Storks,” “River Bend,” “The Great Forest,” “The Upper Lake” and, finally, Shimbashi, “The New Bridge,” you pass rice fields, tobacco, green and in abundance, gigantic radishes (much affected by the Japanese), together with onions in quantities.

But little time can have been spent in Japan without vivid impressions having been



INLAND SEA

made even upon the least imaginative and unimpressionable of minds, and even by such lesser intellects the concession must be quickly granted that, as a whole nation, the Japanese love flowers, love them with an intensity that awakes admiration and kindles interest and sympathy. When the roses and golden lilies, the red and white lotuses, and the lovely jasmines fill the scene with colour and the air with fragrance, the women will wear rich blooms or sprays amidst their shining blue black tresses, or nestling in their bosoms, where the soft folds of the kimono admit of their being tastefully disposed.

Having gained the confines of Tokio, His Majesty the Mikado's shiro or castle



compels attention, for your jinricksha man seems to love to trundle you beneath its gatehouses, so Chinese in appearance, or to pause at some point where your eyes can dwell upon the massive ramparts upon which, and also at the gates, dapper little soldiers are stationed.

The huge moats, too, are full of fish, which splash and play amidst the aquatic plants, while teal, duck, and widgeon share the water with them, feeding and chasing each other with harsh and plaintive cries.

It would seem at first sight that Tokio is but a larger edition of Yokohama; but it has vast distinctions, for, as with London, is it not the seat of Government, the immediate home of Officialdom, and is it not also the home of the Arts, of Education, the vortex of Japanese culture?

To represent to your gaze anything approaching the picturesqueness of the Nakadori or of Ginza Street something more is needed than mere words; rather it would seem necessary to place before your eyes work that a Meissonier might have created with his masterly brush, his firm touch, and his love of technique. Look at the trundling jinrickshas, plentiful as our cabs or taxies; at the waggons made from the inevitable bamboo, and dragged by solemn meek-eyed oxen; listen to the clatter of countless wooden pattens; to the softer shuffle of the waraji; stand within the doorway of that curio seller's shop, and behold the men with their blue coats and tight trousers, their coarse dark hair—now, alas! too often covered by the Western bowler of evil appearance and ill shape, or the fearful and wonderful tall hats so recklessly indulged in; just as their own becoming apparel is discarded for the ill-fitting creations, with or without tails, that may hail from a reputable tailor's shop in London, but are so destructive to the atmosphere and dignity of the Japanese. Diminutive women with straight blue-black coiffures waddle past with little white pigeon feet, the colour of their dresses almost indicating their age after their twentieth year has passed, the youngest child from its place upon its mother's back, adding the gayest colour to the scene. Wondrous hues are there, covering these tiny chubby mites—flaming reds, oranges, greens, and beautiful colour schemes, the result of much thought and money, that find an echo and rivalry, so far as brightness is concerned, in the fluttering signs, the gorgeous lanterns, and extraordinarily fantastic kites; the eye dwells upon the neat little policemen with their immaculate gloves; the brick-red breeches worn by the dapper little soldiers; the soup-plate hats of the postmen; the happy laughing children, who, from their earliest infancy are taught that it is neither becoming nor good to give way to tears in the presence of others; the strange little shopkeepers squatting within their odd little shops, selling their toys, flowers, and curios, their gigantic blue shrimps and fish, their poultry and game, all “honourably cheap,” while the air is full of charming salutations with which, as the night draws near, they will remind you to “Condescend to take honourable repose,” a suggestion that may appeal to you at no very late hour, for the chances are that your day has been replete with wonder and pleasure, the artistic finish to which will be given should the night be fine enough for Fugi's snowy cone to loom beneath the flashing stars through sixty miles of crystal ether.

If you would see the varied amusements of the people, and form an opinion of the children, who, in the days to come, must be their country's real sheet-anchor, go to the



quarter of Tokio known as Asakusa, where, in addition to a perpetual fair, the image, formed of pure gold, of the Goddess Kwannon Sama reposes in the famous Temple of Kin Rui Zan. The legend is that it was netted in the River Sumida in its present state, and it is held to be too sacred for the general public to be permitted to see it. Especially venerated by fishermen, the Temple is also a popular place of worship, and the customs of the devotees are full of interest.

Each image within the great building — and there are many — is famed for its special and peculiar attributes. From one you may secure a continuance of good looks or a bewitching complexion, from another cessation of pain in chest or stomach, from yet a third or fourth



VIEW  
NEAR KOBE

*Photo. A. Farsari & Co., Yokohama.*

good weather, or should you be a toiler of the sea, your net full of fish. So, with a desire to be interested, you watch a charming little woman wash her hands and mouth in exchange for a tiny coin, and, so purified, appeal to the special deity by first ringing a bell. More small coins are parted with, the supplication is made, and then the little hands are clasped, as a signal that her place is vacant, and to the divinity, in West African parlance, "that the palaver is set."

At a place like Asakusa, where crowds are gathered together, the almost excruciating politeness of the people is forcibly borne in upon one; the small forms are continually bowing to each other upon the feeblest provocation, positive happiness apparently being derived from the simple but gracious act. There is no pushing or vulgarity, either in



movement or in speech. All wish to see whatever may be there to interest them, but the desire to be polite to each other, so that all may see, conquers the difficulty.

In such a crowd, the wonderful self-control of the people as a nation is made evident, and perhaps for the first time you tacitly admit the practically accepted fact that the habit of self-control under any and every condition amounts to a religion. The Japanese mother instils the habit of self-control into the minds of her offspring from the moment they are capable of absorbing any ideas at all, just as she instils a wonderful love of Nature and of flowers, and by means of carefully selected stories, many of them legends ancient as the hills, fosters the spirit of manliness and courage in her sons, and of self-denial and womanliness in her daughters, with the result again that these qualities amount to almost a religion. When there are flowers to be seen, the whole of Japan turns out and steepes itself in sunshine and in the fragrance of the beloved blossoms, just as the peasants of Switzerland will start overnight, or at the earliest suspicion of dawn, that their pulses may thrill with delight at the wonders of Nature to be seen from the summits of their stupendous mountains, so the Japanese will travel many miles to reach Yoshino when the cherry trees are in full bloom, to Sugata to see the plum blossom at its best, or to Ueno or Horikiri when the wistaria or the iris sway in the light warm scented breeze.

If the hearts and minds of the natives are so deeply touched, how much more should the traveller in search of new sights and experiences be amazed and delighted. So the bowing and smiling, the laughter and the gossip, the kite and balloon flying, the trumpet blowing and the visits to such side shows as dwarfed trees, archery ranges, theatres, tea-shops, and exhibitions of birds and beasts is continued throughout the day and late into the night, and one would think that the little children must be glad to discard their gay apparel and to rest after such long and delightful hours spent at Asakusa.

For other forms of public entertainment which are of special interest, such as an Imperial garden party, or a show of flowers, perhaps chrysanthemums, within the Imperial grounds, one is dependent upon the season of the year and the social position which the possession of friends or of good credentials may render at once distinctive.

Should you be fortunate in this respect you will be almost certain to receive many invitations, and amongst them there will probably be one to a Japanese banquet, and though your stomach may rebel and your appetite fail you before the end of the repast, you are certain to be highly edified and amused. As a commencement sweetened millet may succeed tea, vermouth, or other liqueur; then, seated on a cushion, hibachi or fire-box in hand, your first tray will appear in the soft hands of a smiling, bowing, bright-robed girl—for the musumēs are always gaily apparelled—who will, if you wish, advise you as to which little lacquered bowl to attack, after you have disposed of the one containing soup. So with your new pair of chopsticks you interest yourself in vegetables, a ragoût, rice and saké, with rice wine to wash it down; then, perhaps, will follow more soup, raw fish in thinnest slices, and much more saké; you will then be offered cakes, candied fruits, and other sweet delicacies.



But with the appearance of your third tray of tiny bowls, the sound of the samisen and koto will herald the appearance of musicians and dancers, the world-famed geishas. These little women have set themselves to learn how to beautify themselves by means of dressing exquisitely, painting exquisitely, and behaving exquisitely, and have studied their parts so thoroughly and remember them so well that they alone could sustain them.

Behold, then, towards the "honourable approach" of our third tray of dainties—reposing in red lacquer bowls, about which are seated our hosts, in their picturesque



ceremonial costumes—the entrance of these brilliant and charming little fairies, who have beforehand been responsible for the supremely artistic decorations of the apartment itself. Were there ever such delicate blendings of blues and sea-greens, of purples and violets, of crimsons, vermilions, and gold, and did the human form divine ever lend itself, clad so supremely well, to more tender and more politely sinuous genuflections, while the peculiar and yet wholly suitable music of the samisen and koto are softly and appealingly heard? At the end of it all both I and my friends had no other exclamations to offer than "Beautiful!" "Exquisite!" "Unique!" and that last word contained in it its own special meaning, with those of the others added.



So we passed from that charming dinner, each carrying away with us, never to be forgotten, a dream of colour set in a superlatively artistic frame of cultured politeness.

The inborn and inbred desire to see and to know creates the corresponding necessity to move, and so the day came when it was agreed that after the buying of a few more curios, which had been discovered with difficulty and were known to be "number one," a start for Nikko should be made. So the "curio palaver" quickly came to pass, and with a fair knowledge of the bazaars of India and elsewhere the odds and ends were piled together, a price asked, a third bidden, and after much quiet haggling accepted; but doubtless our shopkeeper comforted himself by reflecting placidly "that man he have plenty much long pocket, plenty gold got. He come back a'light some day."

Soon after that, with a faithful adhesion to the plan sketched, the "Hills of the Sun's Brightness" surrounded us, we were actually within the shadow of those lovely mountains encircling Nikko, and having crossed the red painted bridge, and passed through the Grove of Cryptomerias, the Shinto priest gave us the pass with the Vermilion Seal, and armed with this the "porch of the two kings" was entered, and from that moment there followed extreme mental alertness and profound wonder.

As though planned and executed by some Titanic sleeper, in realization of some splendid dream, tombs and edifices succeed each other. Gateways of gigantic size lead to courts where are bronzes and sculptured lanterns, shrines enclosed with pillars and golden walls, sculptures of the rarest, and gilding, lacquer, enamels, and carving of the richest; roofs and eaves ablaze with the colours of the sapphire, emerald, amethyst, and ruby. Monoliths and massive stones, joinery and cunning work. A holy cistern, a sacred tree, presents from the kings of the East. Life-like representations of the animals of the forest, together with hideous gilded demons guarding a massive staircase. Red, gold, and black lacquer work, doors relieved by lotuses and peonies. Precious white matting upon which to approach chambers with coloured and carved ceilings, beneath which are altars

shining with gold and lacquer, the spices and incense of the East; the gold of Tarsus and the strange cunning work which delighted the heart of Solomon are surely in some sense rivalled here. And around all this, where sleep the Kings of Japan, gather the silent mountains, the gaunt rocks, the immense trees, and the dense shadows which add



CHIUSENJI LAKE, NIKKO



their note of subdued light and of repose. Enchanted with Nikko and all that appertained unto it, and with the delicious feeling that another gem had been garnered within that strange storehouse—memory—only too soon did the time again come when, the last excursion having been planned and executed, way had to be made through the land and the port of Kobe reached; from which place, adhering to original arrangements, a Canadian Pacific Steamer would carry one on to Hong Kong.



STONE IDOL  
AT NIKKO

There still remained the varied delights of the journey to the coast, and sitting placidly in a corner of the railway carriage but little was missed, and it passed in review only too rapidly.

There, again, were the rivulets and cascades spanned by bridges as quaint in size, colour, and design as the toy summer houses and the ancient pagodas; the orange-stemmed, dark-hued cryptomerias, the camphor laurels, the perpetual bamboos in avenues of trellis



work; waving gracefully in the wind beside some tiny lake, or mounting upwards until the rising slopes were crowned with feathery leaves of tender green; the wonderful brightness, delicacy, and profusion of the many coloured flowers; the canal or stream with its sampans and slowly moving orange-sailed junks; the rows upon rows of little brown houses, the gaudy and soaring kites, the good-natured, happy people with their fat, happy children, the perspiring postman with his soup plate hat, and the equally perspiring but active and good-tempered jinricksha man; there, too, was the vivid green of the rice fields, the wonderful purple sky of Japan above them, and like a pale white ghost, but dimly seen, the cone of Fugî-San pointing upwards towards the first flashing stars of the coming night.

Having reached Kobe, the same desire to remain, the same dislike of moving onwards again possessed one. So many voices seemed to say, "Never mind plans, never mind the time, remain here. You have not seen enough of the place or of its environs. Go again to Kioto and Nara, or to Osaka, which is only twenty miles distant; the bazaar there, the Temples Tennoji and Hongwanji, and the Pagoda also, should be examined less hurriedly." So clamoured the voices, and one's watch ticked, ticked, and the light faded without ceasing, while the green of the hills became purple and the glow-worm lights of the fishing boats changed from pallid golden to orange, the deep smooth water of the anchorage gleaming with their pendulous reflections. Overhead was the cloudless sky of Japan, with its galaxy of stars peering coldly forth upon the heavy roofs of the Nanko, Shinkoji and Ikuta Temples, the great bronze Buddha at the Nofukuji Temple, and the flashing waters of the Nunobiki Falls.

Beautiful it was indeed, and every soul—man, woman, and child—seemed to have quitted the little brown houses to sit or walk in the streets, to talk and laugh softly, to make innumerable purchases that in all amounted to but a few yen, to lend, unconsciously, quaint splashes of artistic colour to the scene, above which the gaudy lanterns swayed, and to bow with inimitable grace and politeness whenever the possibility of doing so presented itself.

One by one the little people requested each other to "take honourable repose," the shops in the Motomachi or main street closed, the last lights twinkled and disappeared from the tea-houses, and Kobe slept in the soft, warm air, beneath the pallid rays of the moon.

After a sound night's rest and a capital breakfast, for which the Oriental Hotel and not Jiuteis was responsible, a move had to be made for the ship, and very soon the graceful yacht-like sheer of my old friend and floating home, the "Empress of Japan," presented itself, with the blue water rippling round her white sides and a soft, refreshing breeze blowing, which extended with its gentle breath the ensigns of many nations, filled the sails of the leisurely junks and fishing boats, and bore across the waves the ringing voices of some Celestials working upon a distant deck to the rousing sailor chorus of "Ya-hoya-hoya-ho."

The pleasure and good fortune of finding oneself again, not only beneath the gay six-checked red-and-white flag of the Canadian Pacific, but actually on the



"Japan" that had borne one so well and gallantly over the vast depths and distances of the Pacific, had scarcely been thought of, and certainly not realised, because of the regret that depressed one at the thought of bidding farewell to the Land of the Rising Sun and of the Chrysanthemum.

However, there was the good ship's deck, and there were many cheery and well-known faces, both of officers and crew. It was like being at home once more, and though the berth reserved and the "boy" to wait upon one were not in reality the same, they were as like as two peas, and the comparison was almost startling when,



NAGASAKI  
HARBOUR

from amongst a chaos of trunks, rugs, and other impedimenta, a placid, wheezing voice said, in insinuating accents, "Me makee everyt'ling a'light. You go smokee topside. Plenty s'ip an' number one s'light see." Of course, advice offered in such soothing tones had to be followed, and the next moment one was listening to the courteous voice and admiring the polite bows of a dapper little servant of the Mikado, who in his shining patent shoes and peaked cap had got on the nerves of a huge, broad-shouldered American, who apparently could have put him in his pocket. The little man's voice was never raised, but the cap was, and the body was bent with such excruciating politeness



that the rough edge of the situation was turned, and the big American strolled away murmuring, "You can't hustle 'em, an' you can't skeer 'em, they air so durned kam." My "boy" was wise in his generation when he spoke of "Plenty s'ip an' number one s'lights," for very soon the white curved bows of the "Japan" were cutting through the smooth waters of the "Nadas," a chain of land-locked waters that, passing from east to west, are named Sumo Nada, the Iyo, Bingo, Harima, and the Isumi, which collectively are known to the world as the famous Inland Sea.

The extraordinary beauties of this passage were, it turned out, to soften the parting with the "Land of Fantastic Arts and Gentle Manners," for there were some 389 miles to make before Nagasaki would heave in sight, and until the Straits of Shimonoseki were passed and the Yellow Sea entered, smooth water, fine weather and fair views and visions of loveliness could be counted upon. Perhaps it was that being homeward bound one's natural and inborn affections were stirred, or perhaps the saying that "comparisons are odious" really holds good in all cases. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the classic waters of the Aegean Sea, and the rugged coast of Western Scotland when the sun of summer gilds and warms it, may both be said to hold their own, when pitted against the singularly quaint charms of the "Nadas."

From amidst calm, deep, pellucid water, exquisite in its many shades of green, and borrowing as would a mirror the delicate and vivid lights and shadows from the sky, rise numberless islands of every shape, colour, and form; dark buttressed and pine clad, brown, barren and castellated, or flat, and with the strange appearance of floating, as though some fairy hand had gently launched them upon the bosom of the waves. Amidst the pines, bamboos, and luxurious foliage which so often clothe them to their rocky summits, or fringe the pearly whiteness of their shores, villages, and even towns of minor size, nestle in sunny nooks and sheltered valleys, while the many tinted sails of junks, the busy craft of fisher folk, and sampans innumerable come and go, just as the views change and as laughter peals across the water and dies away in silence.

There seemed no difficulties in the navigation, and a fairly even rate of speed was maintained as the lovely channels were threaded, and scene after scene, picture after picture, entrancing panoramas, appeared, and were lost astern.

When the Straits of Shimonoseki were passed and the bows of the "Japan" clove the Yellow Sea, though colder and rougher, a following wind helped the ship along the coast, and only too soon the entrance was sighted and entered, the deep clear waters threaded, and we swung to our anchor off Nagasaki, Japan's chief western seaport.

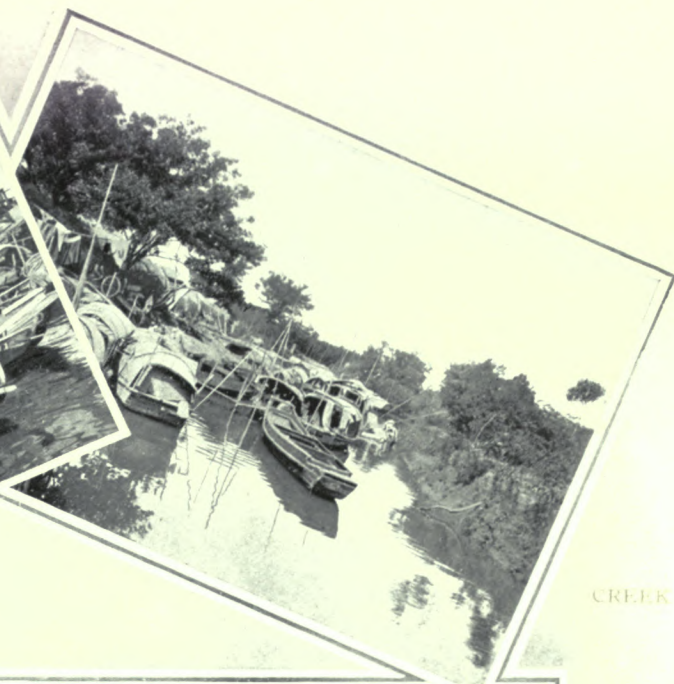
It is difficult to describe the great natural advantages of Nagasaki, but it is not difficult to understand that the climate and surroundings, the atmosphere of the place may, in some sense at least, be responsible for the thrift and contentment, the placidity and unobtrusive happiness of the inhabitants. The work of coaling ship could by no stretch of imagination be considered either a pleasant, inspiring, or clean occupation, yet will it proceed like wildfire, amidst laughter, jokes, and the utmost goodwill of the swarm of men, women, and children engaged in it. The tiny baskets are passed from hand to hand, and are emptied, tossed down into the lighter alongside, refilled, and sped upon their course again with an ease



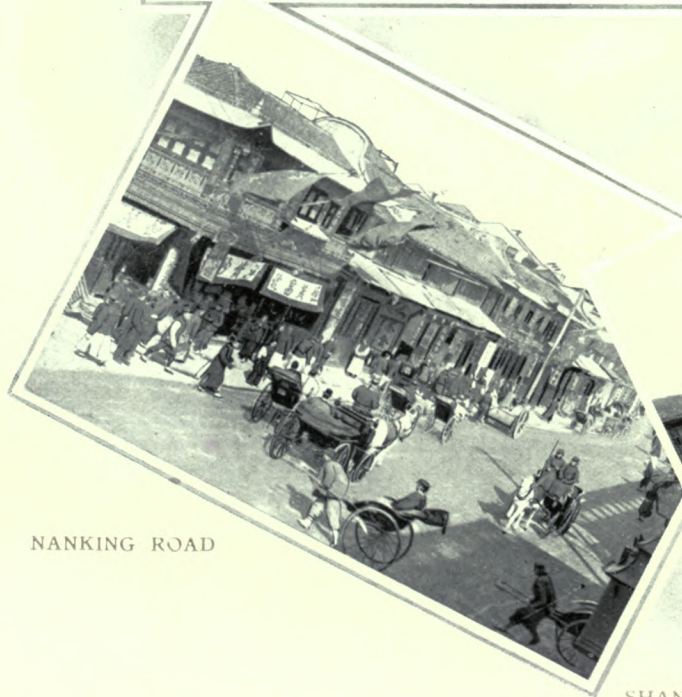
BEGGAR  
BOATS



CREEK SCENE



HARBOUR



NANKING ROAD



NANKING ROAD

SHANGHAI



MANDARIN'S  
GARDEN



and celerity so astonishing, that you begin to think of the sword swallows of India, of the way in which snakes appear and are multiplied, and mango trees slowly grow and burst into leaf and blossom before your eyes, though but a single seed be placed upon the bare plank of a dinghy.

You try to contrast these merry, light-hearted people with the coolies you have seen extracting ballast or coaling ship in Calcutta, and the opinion you form is not a favourable one for the dweller upon the banks of the Hooghly. As for a record result, 1,550 tons were slid into the

coal bunkers of an Empress steamer in five hours.

Is not the position of this land-locked harbour of four miles of deep water with its odd mile of breadth a perfect anchorage, and do not the foliage-clad heights, rising for 1,500 feet about it, protecting it from storms, make it lovely to look upon? Then from the districts round about come such valuable commodities for export as camphor, tobacco, rice, vegetable wax, and coal in quantities, for the Takashima mines, where 4,000 men are daily at work, are hidden snugly away but six miles distant.

No matter when Nagasaki may be seen or at what hour in the day or night good-bye may be said to it, it must ever leave upon the mind a fair and lasting desire to be again within this land of wonder, about which old Will Adams, of Gillingham, said so much that was appreciative and wise.

But a few hours' steady revolution of the "Japan's" screw, and the Yellow Sea, aptly named by reason of its dirty discoloration, revealed upon its far horizon the near presence of the Asiatic Continent, and as we closed in with it the dark outlines of trees appeared, starting up as though growing in the water, making one recall the Gold Coast, the Niger Delta, and the swamps where the mangrove thrives. As



WIDOW'S MONUMENT



you near this flat land with its fringe and clumps of trees, the spirit of romance and adventure is stirred within you when you remember that these waters through which you are ploughing are indeed swollen by one of the greatest rivers on earth, the mighty Yangtze-Kiang, which from its source in Thibet, "The Roof of the World," has flowed for 3,000 miles through savage lands, past strange and wondrous scenes, in torrential tumult through frightful cañons or smoothly past banks where every foot of soil is as a cultivated garden



SHANGHAI

and where China grows her famous tea. You may have travelled far and wide, but here is something fresh—a new place, a new sensation. So the romance entering into you takes possession, and when the tender creeps alongside the ship, off the Woosung Bar, the "Heavenly Barrier," you willingly go aboard her and make your way ashore.

You are aware that there is a dense population, something like 400,000 souls; that amongst this queer mixture of humanity there is much wealth and many distinctive customs and fashions. Upon the Bund of the English Settlement you are prepared to



see clubs, banks, and shipping offices, substantially built and well appointed in this the commercial capital of Northern China. All this is as you thought.

The three-and-a-half miles of walls with their seven gates have their interest for you, although the passenger wheelbarrow in which you disport yourself is more conducive to acrobatic feats—if you would remain in it—than to the repose and comfort of mind or body.

Then there is the Native City to be seen, where the streets, little more than two yards wide, are crowded with people of many races, and where silks and silverware, furs, fans, and porcelain, together with many odd and unconsidered trifles, may be bought and found “number one,” but certainly for which a “number one” price will have been exacted.



GOON BOAT  
FESTIVAL

This place, Shanghai, where there are smells and smells, and which, rescued from being a swamp, can honestly boast of business advantages sufficient to have attracted merchants from all the world over, is a place where fortunes may be made, but where health might easily be lost, at least during the heat of summer, which is evenly described as sweltering.

To stay there a day or so would be well—to make it a base of operations for a journey over the vast plain to the westward, whose rich soil, waterways, and lakes, expanding for a trifling distance of 45,000 square miles, are known as the Garden of China, would also be instructive and interesting in the extreme, as would a journey to the many important places on the Yang-tsze River, such as Hankow, Nanking, and further afield, where sport of many sorts is talked of, and where John Chinaman would be seen in all his thrift, industry, and untrammelled glory; but the



JOSS  
HOUSE





CHINESE QUARTER  
QUEEN'S ROAD



HIGHLAND TRAMWAY  
TO VICTORIA PARK



QUEEN'S ROAD  
HONG KONG



deep-throated whistle of the "Empress of Japan" boomed through the hot air, and Hong Kong (the place of sweet streams) was ahead, so back one went aboard, glad to have seen, done, and enjoyed.

During these last few hours on board the "Japan" a feeling of restlessness asserted itself. There was packing to be done, though the invaluable "boy" claimed responsibility for that; last touches to long letters to be put; there were people to whom good-bye must be said—the captain and some of the officers, to whom so much was due; and then,

too, there was the unspoken farewell to be taken of the very state-room and of the ship which had been one's home through storm and sunshine, through troubled waters and through seas of peace. So in spite of efforts there was a tendency to count the peregrinations upon deck, the cheery yarns in the smoke-room, and the festive



BOTANICAL GARDENS  
HONG KONG

gatherings in the saloon. And all the while the steady beat of the "Japan's" iron heart told of the ever lessening distance to Hong Kong, those in authority having even bruited the possibility of a record passage being made should the favouring wind and the following sea continue.



One fact was very noticeable: no longer did the great screw churn through waves of pale pea soup as in the Yellow Sea, but swirled and tore up waters of the deepest blue, skimmed by the tireless sea birds and broken by the splash of the crystal-winged and ever-hunted flying fish.

The application of a little philosophy gradually overcame the mild regrets that had come, as one thought of the end of the voyage. After all, it would mean the fulfilment of the promise made to my Canadian Pacific friend in the cheery precincts of the Carlton Hotel,

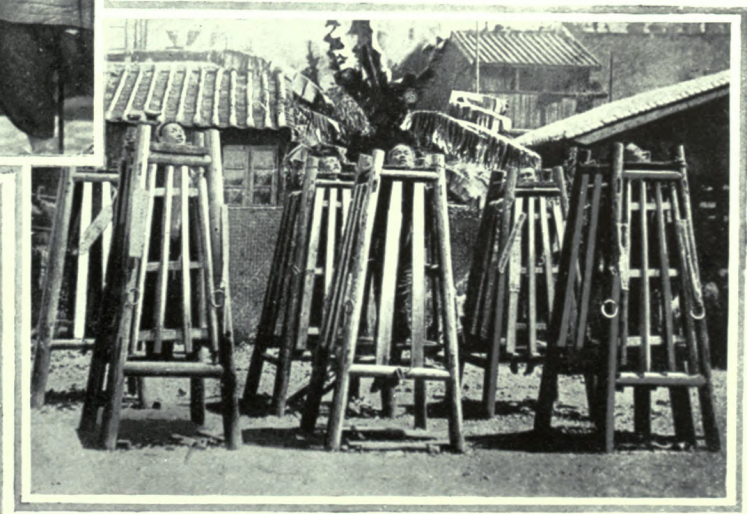




TYPES OF HUMANITY



FORMS OF PUNISHMENT





and the fact that the flag of that great Company would no longer float over one would also mean that my notes and comments would be speeding over the high seas by the next mail boat, to be used as should be thought desirable; while again to go ashore in Hong Kong, would mean that once more one would wander in those matchless Botanical Gardens where the colours of the rare and gaily-painted flowers are rivalled only by the brightly-plumaged birds. The signs of opulence and business prosperity would again be looked upon as would the rigid figures of the Sepoy police, resplendent in snow-white uniforms, thin of leg and shiny of boot, imperturbable and in their own way immaculate, guarding, and obtaining obedience by the slightest gesture or even a look.

So the counting of the hours and the placid enjoyment of them proceeded, amidst cloudless sunshine and the swish and flash of the sapphire seas, until that notable and stirring moment arrived when the shout was heard of "Land on the starboard bow—land ahead." Then followed the appearance of telescopes and glasses of every sort and size and the keen examination of all objects that hove in sight. Such names as the Formosa Channel, Chapel Rock, the Lammacks, Piedra Bianca and the Lymoon Pass were on every tongue as they were made and passed, while the ship swung on through fleets of fishing-boats gaudily painted, with their curved prows and mat sails, past dark rocks and ochre shores, until at length we ran in between the green and yellow hills and cast anchor in Hong Kong Harbour, that superb, immensely strategic, and most easterly possession over which sway is held by His Gracious Majesty the King.



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£15,900,000

**CAPITAL** *Paid* . . . . £3,000,000  
*Uncalled* . . . . £2,300,000  
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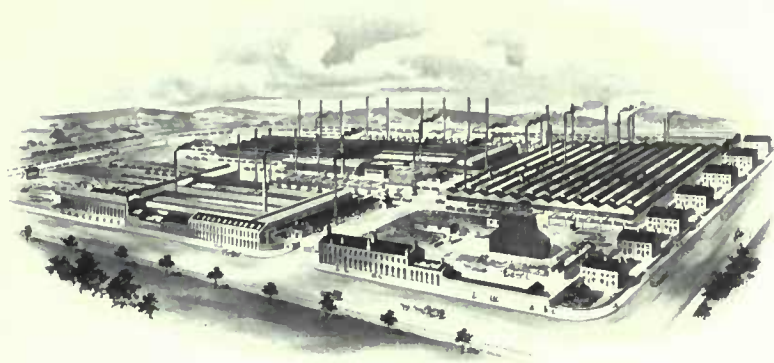
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### STEEL CASTINGS

An important part of the Company's business is the manufacture of Steel Castings. The Company has earned the highest reputation for the production of Castings of the largest size and the most intricate design, principally Ships' Stems, Stern Frames, Rudders, Cylinder Covers, Sole Plates, and General Engine Castings, also Wheel Centres and General Locomotive Castings.

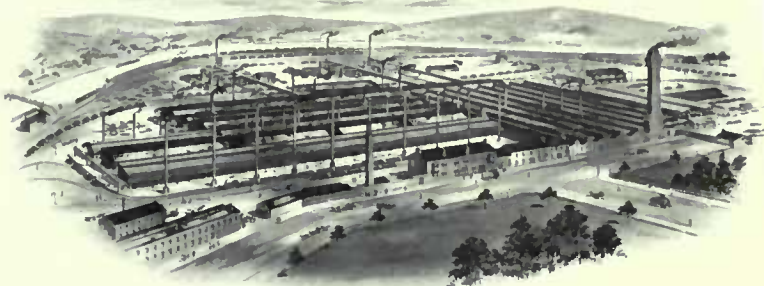
### AXLES AND OTHER FORGINGS

All kinds of Forgings are produced by the Company, a speciality being made of Locomotive, Carriage and Wagon Axles, which are manufactured in large quantities and of the highest quality to the requirements of Home, Colonial and Foreign Railways.

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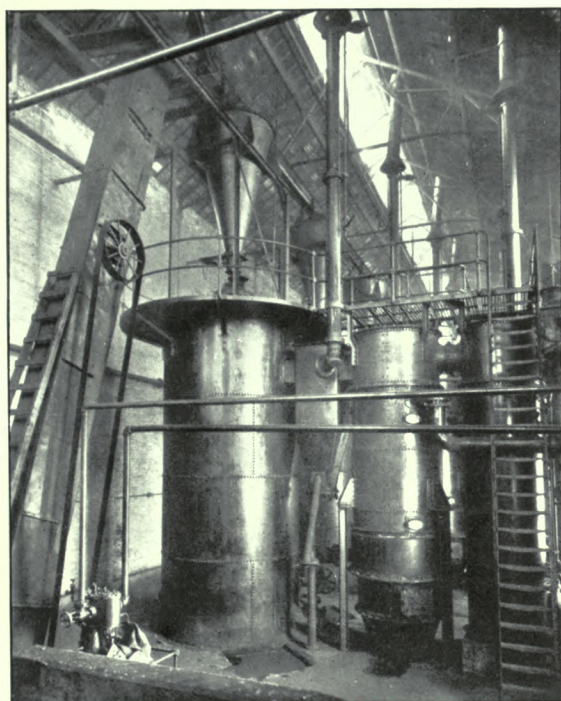


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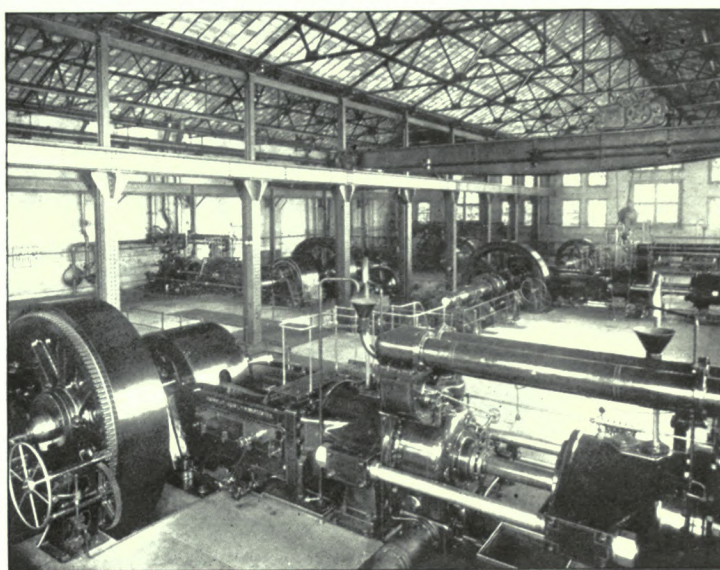
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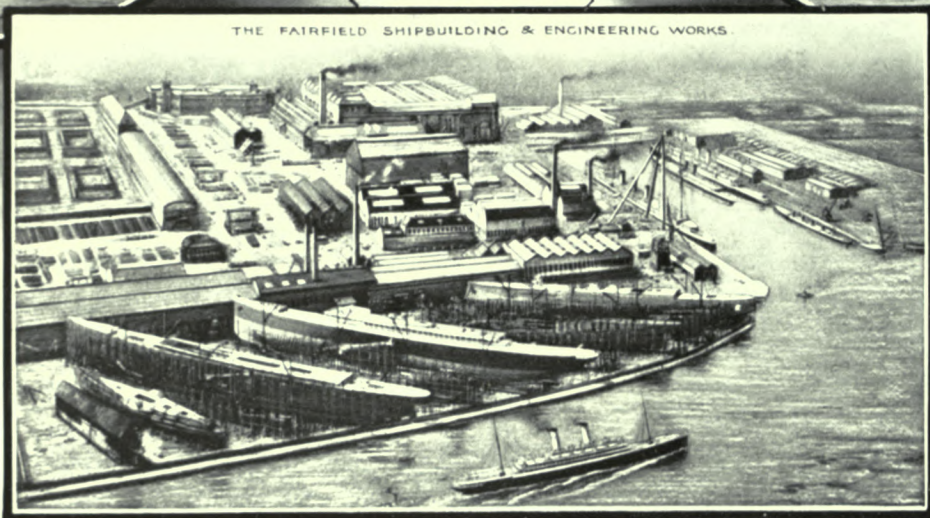
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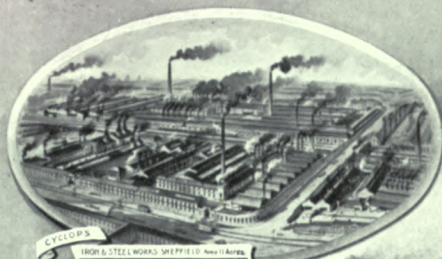
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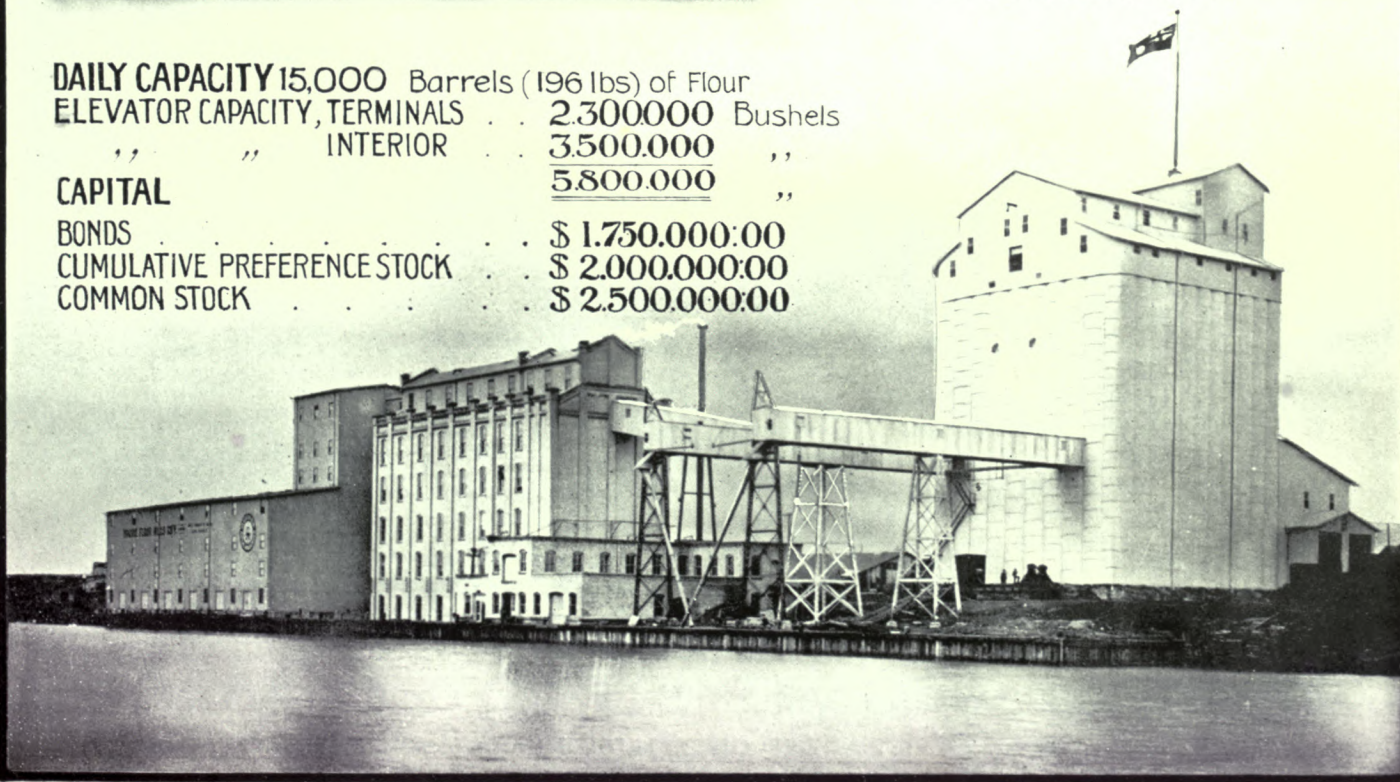
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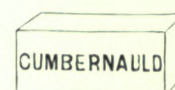
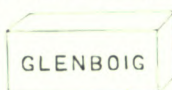


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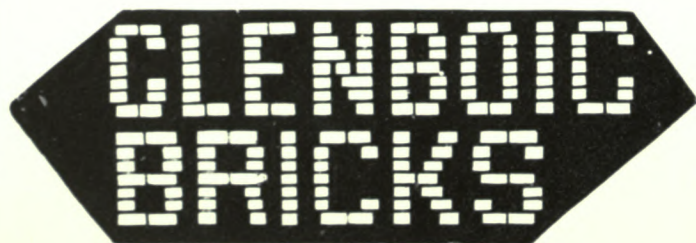


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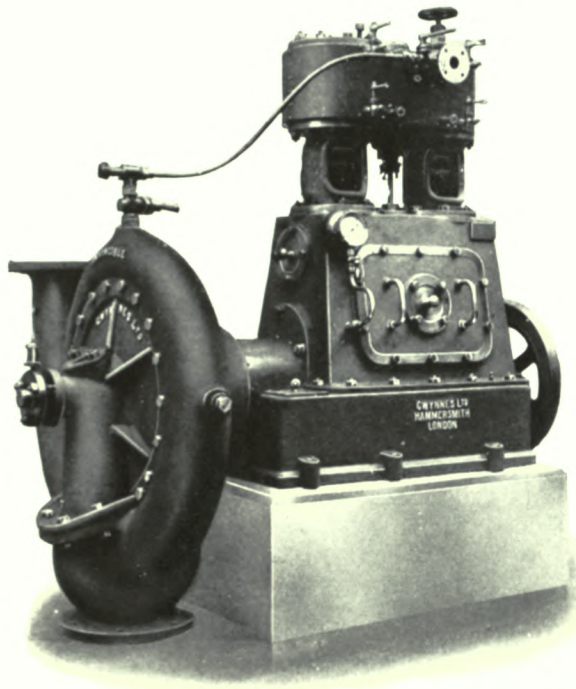


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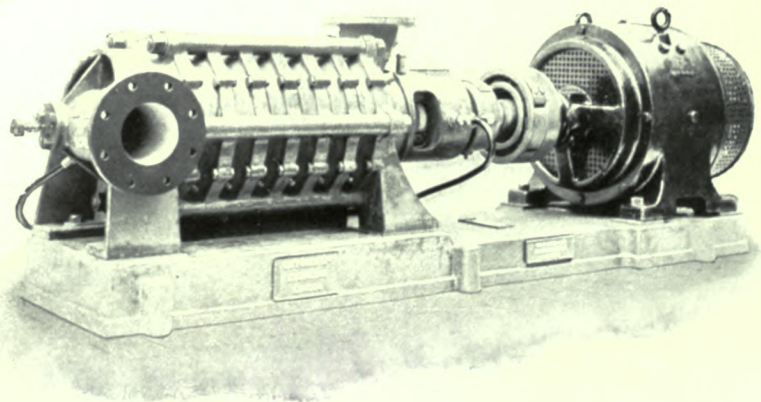
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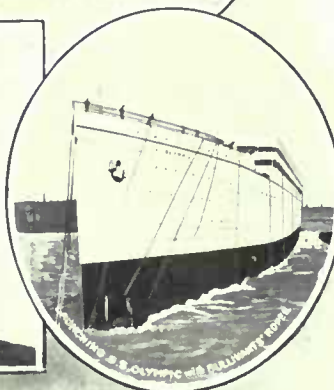
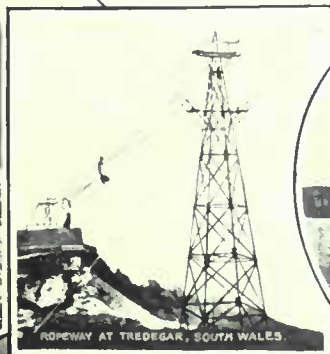
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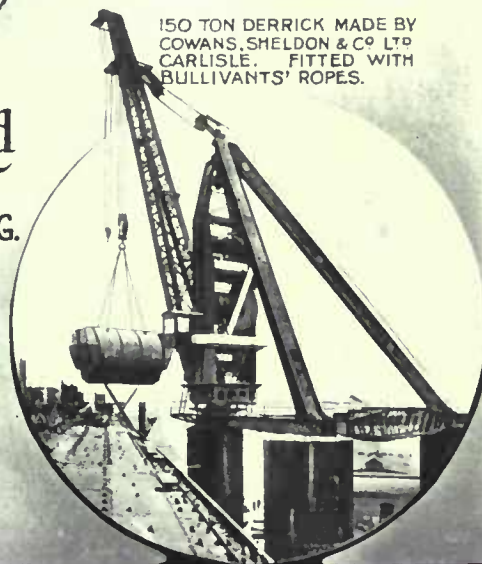
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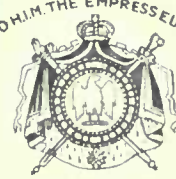


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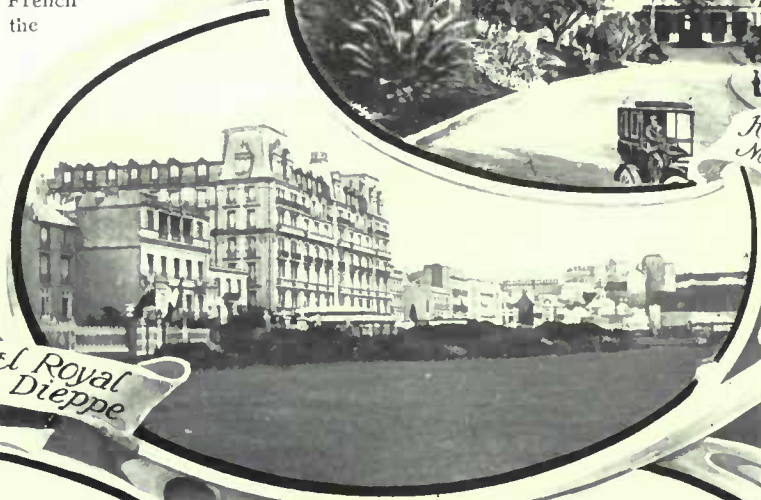
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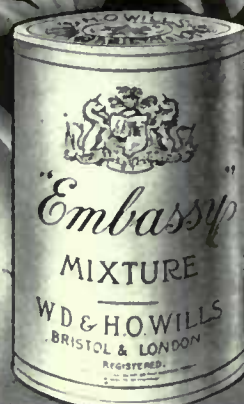
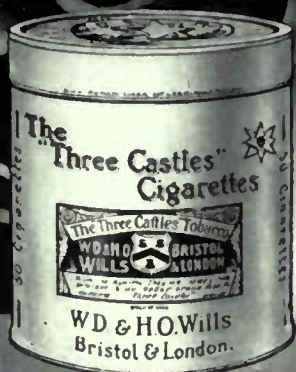
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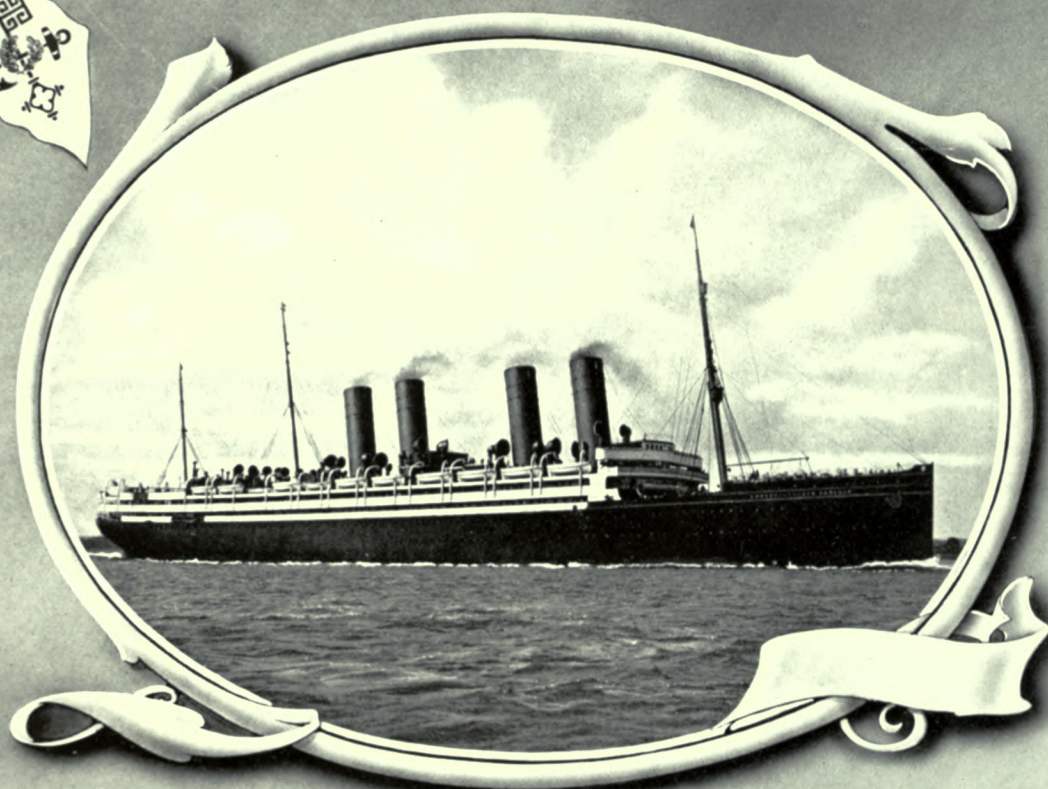
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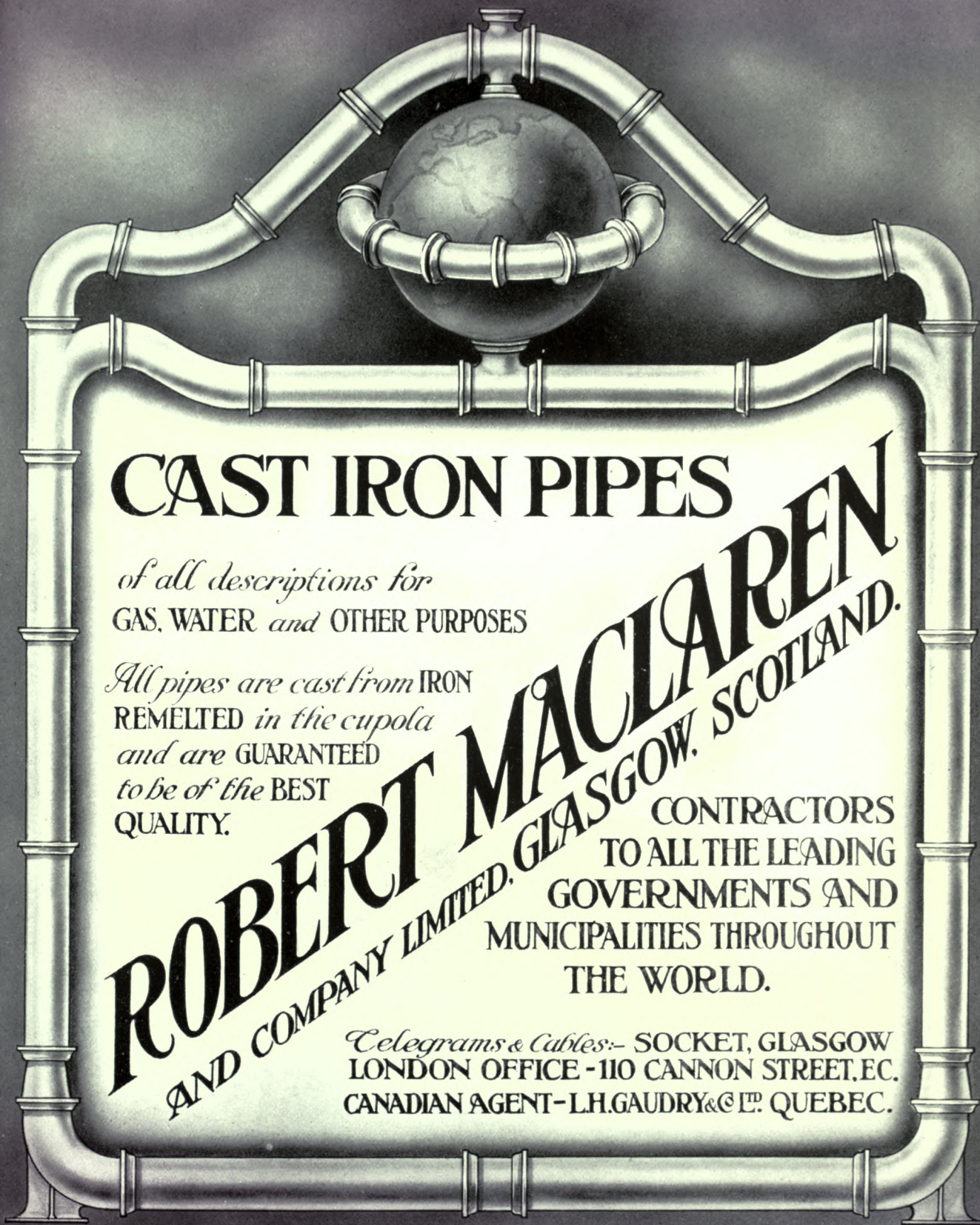
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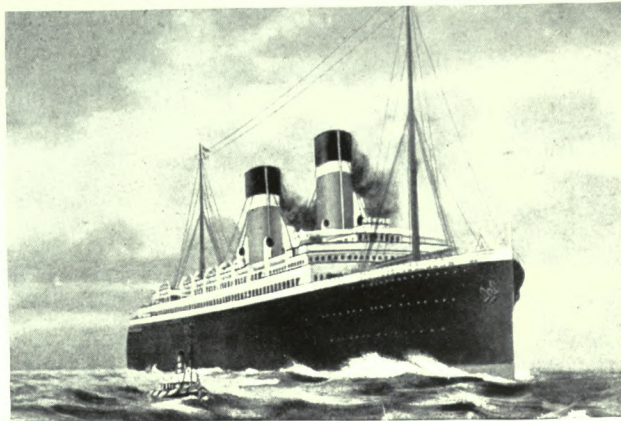
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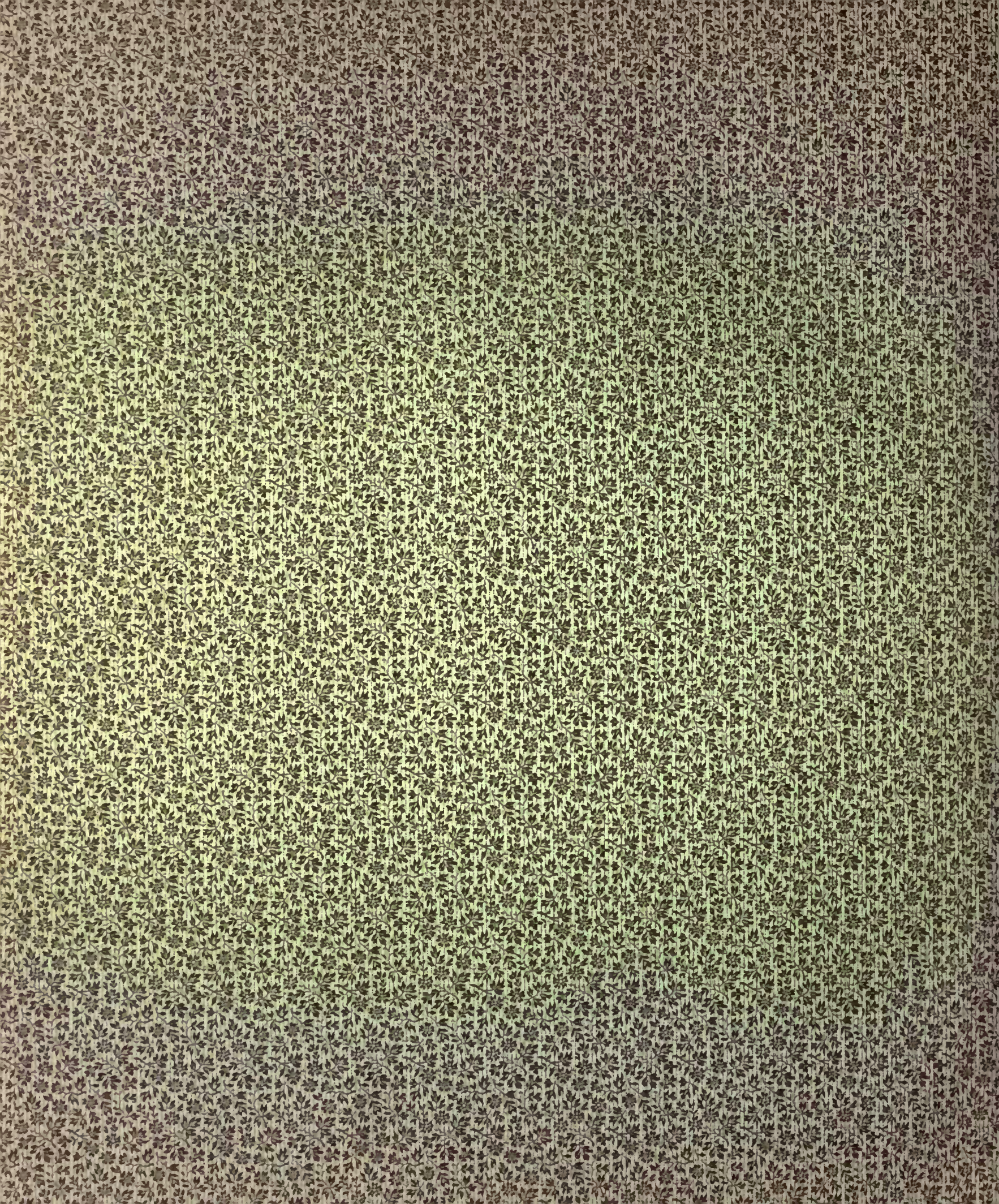
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